

THE HAPPENINGS OF A MUSICAL LIFE



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JULES JORDAN



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JULES JORDAN, MUS. DOC.

THE HAPPENINGS OF A MUSICAL LIFE

By

JULES JORDAN, Mus. Doc.

(Brown 1895)

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1922

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To the memory of my father and mother,

LYMAN JORDAN

and

SUSAN BECKWITH JORDAN

and to my brothers and sisters,

REV. D. A. JORDAN,

CHARLES B. JORDAN,

JULIAN JORDAN,

LYMAN F. JORDAN,

MRS. SUSAN ANNETTE DUNSTAN,

MRS. CHARLOTTE R. HAVENS

and

JENNIE B. JORDAN,

this book is affectionately dedicated.

Dear names! None e'er so dear to me,
Recalling youth's felicity,
When music was our chiefest joy,
A happiness without alloy.

1445941

PREFACE

A suggestion from Dr. Jordan last spring that he might write some of his reminiscences for the public press led to my suggesting in return that I might print them for him in book form. If I had in mind a leisurely enterprise, stretching comfortably and indefinitely into the future, I was quickly undeceived, for, as I find from an entry in my notebook, he began work on the day my proposal was made, and had practically completed the task within the next fortnight.

Such an instance of quick and comprehensive composition seems little short of marvellous. It shows that the writer had his material, consciously or unconsciously, well in hand. It reflects also his extraordinary memory for names, dates and facts. In surprisingly few cases did it prove necessary for him to fortify his recollection from memoranda or by consultation with friends and acquaintances.

The book, however, was not altogether composed within two weeks. As Dr. Jordan wrote, his memories branched in many directions, and the result was that a number of additional chapters were eventually produced. The volume stands, nevertheless, as a remarkable example of rapid writing, done with exceptional facility, considering that the author's professional training has been chiefly along other lines. It bears testimony, accordingly, to his intellectual versatility.

PREFACE

Dr. Jordan's musical career has been unusual if not unique in the breadth of its interests. He has achieved success as a singer, teacher, conductor and composer. A great host of trained singers have gone forth from his studio, and his influence is traceable to-day in their technical accomplishments. He has given them more than technique, indeed. He has imparted to them something of his own mental and temperamental equipment, a rich gift.

After fifty years of professional life, Dr. Jordan remains as devoted to his art as ever, as keenly interested in its progress, and as kindly and sympathetically disposed to his fellow men. His heart is young, and his youthful spirit is attested in his keen eye and unfurrowed brow.

Mindful of over-edited volumes of this sort, from which the evidences of individuality have been largely eliminated, either by the author himself or by a too-cautious adviser, I have preferred; in reading the manuscript of this book, to minimize my advisory functions. I have, however, urged the author to make a frank statement of his professional satisfactions and successes, as a matter of record. It would be excessive modesty, indeed, for Dr. Jordan to omit entirely from the story of his life the telling of his triumphs. That he has not set them all down those who know him best will bear witness.

Surely in the preface to his book we his friends may offer him our best wishes for a long continuance not only of the "happenings" but of the happiness of his musical life.

HENRY R. PALMER

January 1, 1922.

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CHAPTER I

MY PROGENITORS

AS A MATTER of record it may be well for me to set down at the beginning some facts concerning my forebears.

My father, his father and I believe his grandfather were all born at the old Jordan homestead in Greene, Rhode Island. The family, I have been told, especially the male part of it, was of a wayward inclination until the transforming influence of religious experience changed both my father and grandfather, and I can remember them each only as a power for good, enjoying the respect of everyone.

When my father was a young man, his father began to move "up stream," so to speak, settling first in Moosup, Connecticut, and later proceeding to Willimantic. It was a large family, my father being the eldest of eight children. All I believe were musical, three or four besides Father having fine voices. Father first married Miss Nancy Kenyon, who bore him three children, VanBuren, George and Nancy. Their mother dying when Van, as we called him, was about eight years old, Father was soon after married to my mother, Susan Beckwith, a direct descendant from Captain Isaac Beckwith of New London, who was, as I learn from the published genealogy of the Beckwith family, the man who built the first ship that

was ever built in New London. My mother, of saintly character, was but moderately musical, I believe, and all or pretty nearly all of the musical talent of our unusually musical family came from my father and his mother, who, before she married, was Hannah Capwell of Rhode Island. Father was class leader, choir leader and in fact I have been told a leader in many other of the affairs of the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church in Willimantic.

Ten children were born to my mother, eight of whom are living at the present time, the other two having died in infancy. These eight, with her three step-children, she succeeded in rearing and the family was ever as one, ready to sing, work or play together. I am sure that it used to seem strange to the others, as it did to me, that Grandfather Jordan could not "carry a tune!" We of course had a great respect for him, but I think we should have had more if he could have sung with us. Grandmother used to listen to us though, with rapt attention. I can see her now, a gentle, refined woman, with most beautiful hands, and nails at which as a boy I used to look admiringly, wondering what made them so shapely and rosy.

While Father lacked education, some one had taught him an old-fashioned *sol fa* method of reading music which used at first to amuse and afterward to interest me, but when I asked him to teach it to me he was "too busy" and I was left to teach myself, which I did before I was ten years old, for I could not be satisfied merely to sing "up and down." I felt instinctively that there must be some method by which one could be absolutely certain, and I as a boy found it. I shall refer to this later.



JULES JORDAN
At about the age of fifteen

CHAPTER II

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD

I WAS BORN, one of twins, on Nov. 10, 1850, in Willimantic, Connecticut. There the family lived till I was about four years old, when we removed to the nearby town of Bolton, where my father, who was a stone mason and contractor, was engaged on the building of the Bolton reservoir dam.

The work being finished, we returned to live in Willimantic, which place I have always called my home. About the first of my musical remembrances is that my twin brother Julian and I were taken when we were between four and five years old to sing at an entertainment held in the Universalist church in Bolton. What or how we sang I do not remember; all I recall is that we each had a pretty dress with a small palm-leaf pattern. Then I remember hearing my father sing about the house. When we returned to Willimantic, Julian and I were soon in demand as youthful singers and again I remember our singing at another church entertainment and this time I remember the song. It was "Some Folks" and began "Some folks have gray hairs, some folks do, some folks do. Brooding o'er their cares, but that's not me nor you," pointing to ourselves and to each other and making mistakes in the pointing that I remember convulsed the audience. Thus we sang along through childhood, my voice being

a contralto and Julian's the same, I suppose, though they used to call him a tenor, more to distinguish him, I presume, than anything else. My own voice, I remember, was considered quite remarkable for a boy's, so that ere long I was invited to go to Hartford to sing in a choir, but for some reason I did not go.

When I was about ten years old the Willimantic Camp Meeting was established and as my father had much to do with this and was especially interested in the choir that was formed, I used to sing there and I recall that I would be surrounded by groups of people, some of whom would always offer me money when the singing was over. Sometimes I would take it and sometimes I would not, according to my mood.

I used to steal away from the Sunday school and go up into the choir loft of the church to "pick out" tunes on the cabinet organ there, always trying to make at least two parts. My father, happening once to come into the audience room below, heard me doing this and when I went home my mother said: "Julius, your father heard you playing 'Joyfully, joyfully,' and he thinks that some day you may become a musician." This pleased me, for I always had a great respect for Father's opinion, especially about music.

Finally my voice began to change and I could not be induced even to try to sing, for it sounded strange and unnatural, and I did not enjoy it. My refusal to sing was ascribed to a boyish obstinacy but I was let alone until, a year or two after, I demurely crept into the choir and began to sing a little. Immediately the leader, Harry L. Wilson, who had been one of my best friends, looked quickly at me and said: "What! A nice tenor!" I hardly knew what he meant, but I saw by his manner that he approved and I was pleased. Soon after this W. A. Potter, who afterward removed

to Providence and became in time an excellent musical critic and writer for the Providence Journal, came a-wooing to Willimantic, the object of his wooing being Miss Addie Hall, the daughter of Amos Hall, who gave me my first lessons in music. She had a beautiful soprano voice, so beautiful that I used to listen to her as though she were an angel. Mr. Potter, happening to hear me sing, asked me to join in a male quartette and I essayed the first tenor part in "On a bank two roses grew" but with poor success, I thought, for my voice was hardly settled and certainly not equal to sustaining so high a part. Soon after this, Mr. Potter, who had charge of a choir in old Norwich Town, where he lived and where Miss Hall had been engaged as soloist, asked me to join his choir. I made one attempt, but it was so unsatisfactory, to me at least, that I would not try again.

CHAPTER III

HOW I CAME TO PROVIDENCE

IT HAPPENED IN this wise: During the last winter of my schooling in Willimantic, which town was not far from our farm, I learned to operate the telegraph. This was when I was about eighteen. I found occasional employment as an operator, now and then substituting in near-by towns for a year or so, but the next summer my father told me that he should need my help on the farm and though I felt a call elsewhere, reluctantly I consented. One hot day, after a long search for a stray cow—which by the way I found and brought home—my father, to whom I delivered the animal, said: “There’s a telegram, for you in the house.” I found that it was from Henry C. Bradford, the manager of the Western Union office in Providence, who asked me to take charge of the summer office in the then large hotel at Rocky Point. I carried the telegram out to Father, who was putting up the cow. He looked at it and said: “Do you want to go?” “Yes,” said I. “Very well,” he replied, “You may.” Next morning he gave me five dollars and I packed a little grip case and started for Providence. I was met here by Mr. Bradford, who took me at once to his house on Point street, where I passed the night. Next morning we went to Rocky Point, where I remained till the office was closed at the end of the season.



D. W. REEVES
Leader of the American Band of Providence for many years

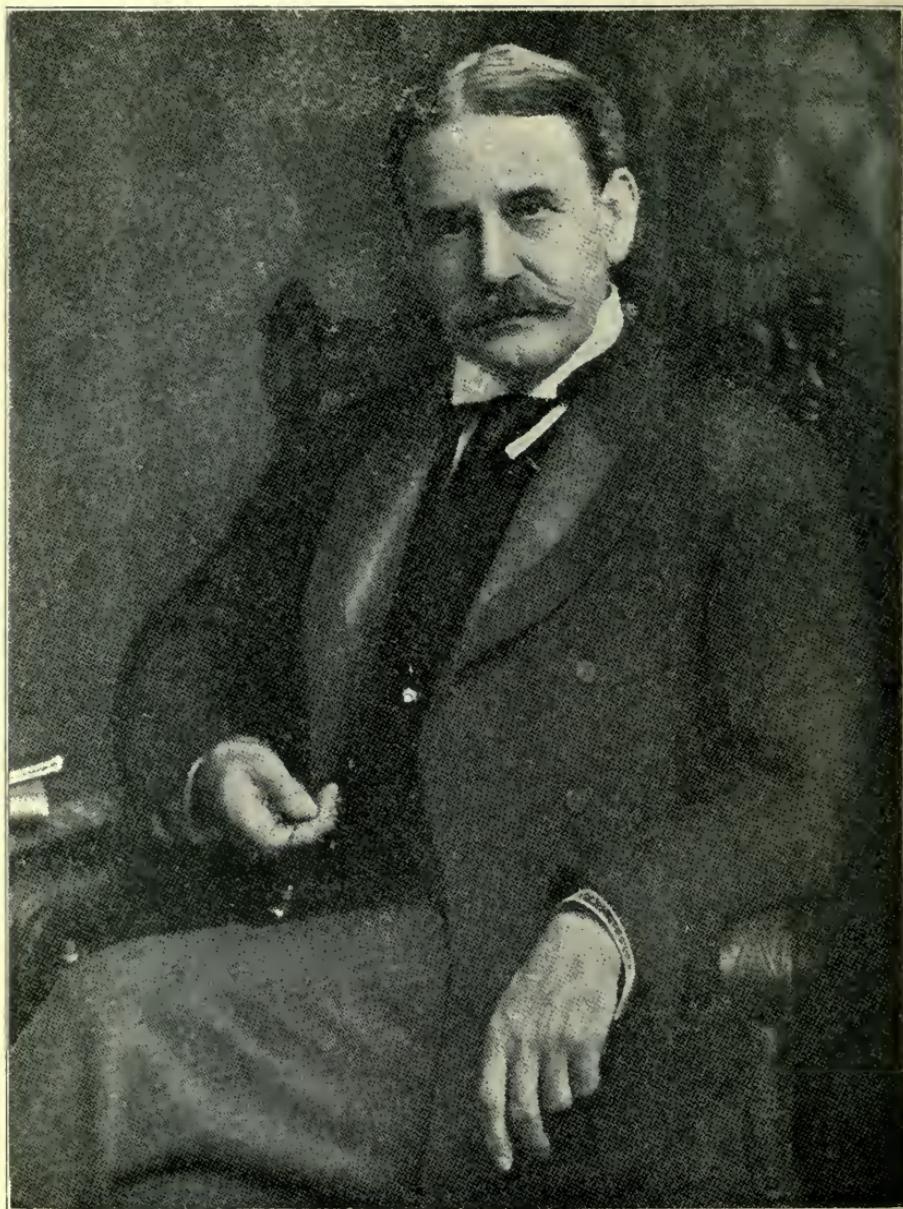
It was at Rocky Point that I first heard any real music. D. W. Reeves with his famous American Band was engaged there for every day in the season and the playing of the band was a revelation to my young mind and to my ears as well. I found after a few days that there was an opportunity for me to make some extra money by checking small articles that excursionists wanted to leave with me for safekeeping. Getting permission from the proprietor, each day I gathered quite a sum, and saving this I soon had seventy-five dollars, which I took to Mr. Reeves, asking him to buy me a cornet with it, as I wished to take lessons of him.

So I began lessons, getting up early each morning and going far from the hotel among the rocks and trees to practice. At the close of the season Mr. Bradford informed me that he would open a telegraph office in the old City Hotel in Providence, and there he installed me as operator. One day after I had been in this office a short time, I met on the street near the hotel Rev. Edgar F. Clarke, who was then the pastor of the Mathewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Clarke had been the pastor of the Willimantic Methodist Church several years before, and of course, as that was the church of our family, he knew me. Surprised at seeing me in Providence, he asked if I had made any acquaintances and invited me to his house that very evening, saying that the young people of his church with their friends were to have a party there. I accepted his invitation and during the evening Mr. Clarke, remembering my boyish voice, asked me to sing a song. Having no printed song with me, I sat down at the piano and sang the first thing that came to my mind, Webster's "Sweet Bye and Bye." This seemed to please the company and presently one of the young men, George Chase, came to me, saying that

he liked my voice and that if I would come with him to Grace Church, where he sang in the chorus choir, the next day, when a service would be held at five o'clock, he would introduce me to the organist, who was looking for a tenor.

The next day (Good Friday) I went to the evening service, when Mr. Chase introduced me to L. T. Downes, the organist. The choir in Grace Church at that time was placed in a loft directly opposite the chancel. At the first opportunity that offered, Mr. Downes began a whispered conversation with me and asked repeatedly if I could read music at sight. This I could do, as I had taught myself when ten years of age. Finally Mr. Downes brought to me a book, saying: "Here is an anthem that we have always sung on Good Friday ever since I came to Grace Church," (which was when Bishop Clarke came here from Hartford). "But as we have no tenor for the solo in the anthem I had decided not to sing it today. See if you can read it." I saw that it was not difficult and assured him that I could. "Very well," said he, "we will sing it." I sang the solo at sight, to his satisfaction, and he at once asked me to come to his house that evening. "If you are what I think you are," he added, I can get this place, (the position as tenor soloist in Grace Church choir) for you." I sang for the committee the Sunday following that Easter and was immediately engaged; and I held the engagement for over twenty years.

Thus I came to Providence without a thought of making music a profession, but happily the profession found me, a fact that I have never had reason to regret.



RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER, D. D.
Formerly rector of Grace Church, Providence,
and later Bishop of New York

CHAPTER IV

GRACE CHURCH DAYS

SOON AFTER joining the Grace Church choir, the organist, Mr. Downes, said to me one day: "Your voice is not as good as it was; what's the matter?" "Oh," I replied, "it is probably because I do not sleep enough." "How's that?" he asked. "Why, I get up early to practice and I stay up late for the same purpose." "Practice? practice what?" "I'm taking cornet lessons of Mr. Reeves and I have to practice to keep up in my lessons." "Cornet!" (scornfully). "You don't want to learn the cornet! you should take piano lessons." "But I haven't a piano and if I had I've no place to put one."

Mr. Downes arranged with the vestrymen at Grace Church to allow me the use of one of the small Sunday-school rooms. I then hired a piano and began lessons with Mrs. Downes, who was of inestimable assistance to me. She gave me her beautiful touch and with it much wholesome advice, and her influence over me was most beneficial. I began to improve and to play selections that she gave me in a way that must have pleased my young friends, for some of them asked me to give them lessons and insisted, so that ere long I had a small class of beginners.

About this time, Mr. Bradford, being short of operators at the Western Union, took me from the City

Hotel, where I had had much leisure, to the main office, where I had not a moment to myself. I knew that I could not keep on improving in my music without more time for practice than this new arrangement afforded me, so, after due deliberation, I gave up telegraphing and, having secured a few more beginners on the piano, I managed to get along with what the lessons yielded me and my salary at Grace Church. I now had plenty of time to practice and plenty of time to sleep, and so my playing improved and my singing as well.

I had been going along in this comfortable way for a year or more, when Mr. Downes advised me to attend a summer school of music that was to be held in East Greenwich for a few weeks. Most of the teachers came from the Eben Tourjée Conservatory of Boston, afterward the New England Conservatory. There were in the faculty Carl Zerrahn, Charles N. Allen, George W. Whiting, J. C. D. Parker, George L. Osgood and others.

Mr. Downes particularly wanted me to study singing with Mr. Osgood, who had but just returned from study with the elder Lamperti in Italy. I had always followed the advice of so good a friend as I had found Mr. Downes to be, and was glad to go to East Greenwich, where I began real vocal lessons for the first time. I believe that I made rapid improvement and was told so by those who heard me, but Mr. Downes, having been made unhappy on account of Osgood's criticisms concerning his—Downes's—vocal knowledge, advised me to discontinue my studies. This I was loath to do and after the close of the school continued with my lessons, going to Boston for them. This and other reasons finally caused a break in my relations with Mr. Downes and I left Grace Church,

joining at once a quartette choir in the First Universalist Church, where I was made leader, much against my wishes, the second year of my engagement. Meanwhile Mr. Downes had resigned from Grace Church and after a few months of unsettled conditions there Dr. David H. Greer, the rector, who had always been a firm friend of mine, sent for me to return to my Grace Church position, asking me to take full charge of the choir as well.

This I hesitated to do as I had had none of the requisite training or experience. I was finally persuaded, however, and got a choir together and rehearsed it. But I had no satisfactory organist. What was I to do! Fortunately on the Friday afternoon preceding my first Sunday with the new choir Albert Stanley appeared in Providence, applied to me for the position of organist, and (without rehearsal) played for the service, which was carried through without a flaw and to the great satisfaction of everyone. Mr. Stanley and I worked together in perfect accord until he was called to take charge of the music department at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, where he has since remained.

The success that followed the new Grace Church choir of course stimulated the public's interest in my efforts and resulted in an ever-increasing business for me as a teacher of singing. Indeed so rapidly did my singing class increase that I was obliged to devote my entire time and attention to it, discontinuing the piano lessons I had been giving.

I had also discarded the cornet much to the disappointment of Mr. Reeves, who thought at first that I had made a mistake. He afterward was among the first to acknowledge that I had done wisely and I cannot let the opportunity here presented pass without

paying my tribute of admiration to the memory of so fine a musician and so whole-souled a man as was "Wally" Reeves, beloved by everyone who knew him and one whose great loss to the community has never been made good.

CHAPTER V

CREATING THE TITLE PART IN BERLIOZ'S "FAUST"

GEORGE L. OSGOOD of Boston, with whom I was studying singing, had organized the Boylston Club, a choir of mixed voices that began to give each year a series of choice concerts with works of Palestina, Mozart, Franz, Rheinberger and many other of the modern composers. I was invited to join this choir and did so, singing with it at several of its concerts. It was then that I learned to appreciate and love choral music. I sang solos at several of these concerts. I also began to sing in various other concerts and I gave in Providence three Schubert song recitals about this time, presenting at the first the entire cycle of the Miller songs, at the second the "Winter's Journey" and at the third the "Swan Songs." These recitals gave me more than a local reputation and they were followed by recitals for three seasons at the Newport Casino, which were well attended by critical audiences.

Coming from Newport to Providence on the boat one afternoon, a pupil of mine, Dr. A. E. Ham of Providence, fell into conversation with me, asking if I would direct a small choir of singers who desired to practice part songs. I consented and soon we began rehearsals in the chapel of Grace Church. These were attended with much success and soon the room was wont to be filled with visitors, who demanded that we

give a concert. The club was christened the "Arion." We organized on a business plan at the outset and thus began the existence and career of the Arion Club, about which more will follow.

An old friend, Rev. George E. Reed, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Willimantic at the time I left that place for Providence, called on me one day when passing through Providence. He was living then in Stamford, Connecticut, and being well pleased to find that I had improved my time and had learned to sing he invited me to pay his family a visit the coming summer. While in Stamford I met some prominent musical people from New York and fortunately gained the interest of a leading New York family, that of Judge Henry Howland. Mrs. Howland was a pianist of the first rank, though she called herself only an amateur. She played for me and was interested enough in my singing to invite me to their house in New York when the season should open.

I returned to Providence happy that I had made so many new friends but had nearly forgotten that I was to be invited to New York when there came a letter from the Howlands fixing the time of my visit.

Of course I met the appointment. I found that plans had been made for me to meet many of New York's musical people, and dinner parties and musicales followed each other closely all through the week.

The evening before my departure for home the Howlands were dining alone for the first time, I think, since my coming among them. Judge Howland asked his wife if she was satisfied with what she had been able to do toward making me known. "Yes," said she, "only I am greatly disappointed that Dr. Damrosch hasn't been able to come and I wanted his opinion more than any one's." "Well," said Judge Howland, "why



JULES JORDAN IN 1880

About the time he sang in the first American production
of Berlioz's "Faust"

not start an hour earlier in the morning and call on him; he lives but two blocks above the Grand Central Station." We did so. Dr. Damrosch came to the door himself at our ring. He was very cordial to Mrs. Howland but when she told him her errand he eyed me curiously and took out his watch, saying: "I am giving a lesson, but I can spare three minutes."

Mrs. Howland looked at me and smiled. We passed inside. Dr. Damrosch took a seat resignedly beside his pupil. Mrs. Howland went to the piano and I began a Rubinstein song. This finished, Dr. Damrosch asked for another and yet another. He then asked if I knew the "Messiah." I sang "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley." He then came to the piano, saying: "I want to try his voice to determine its range." That morning it seemed that there was no limit to what I could do, and I sang, in all, more than half an hour.

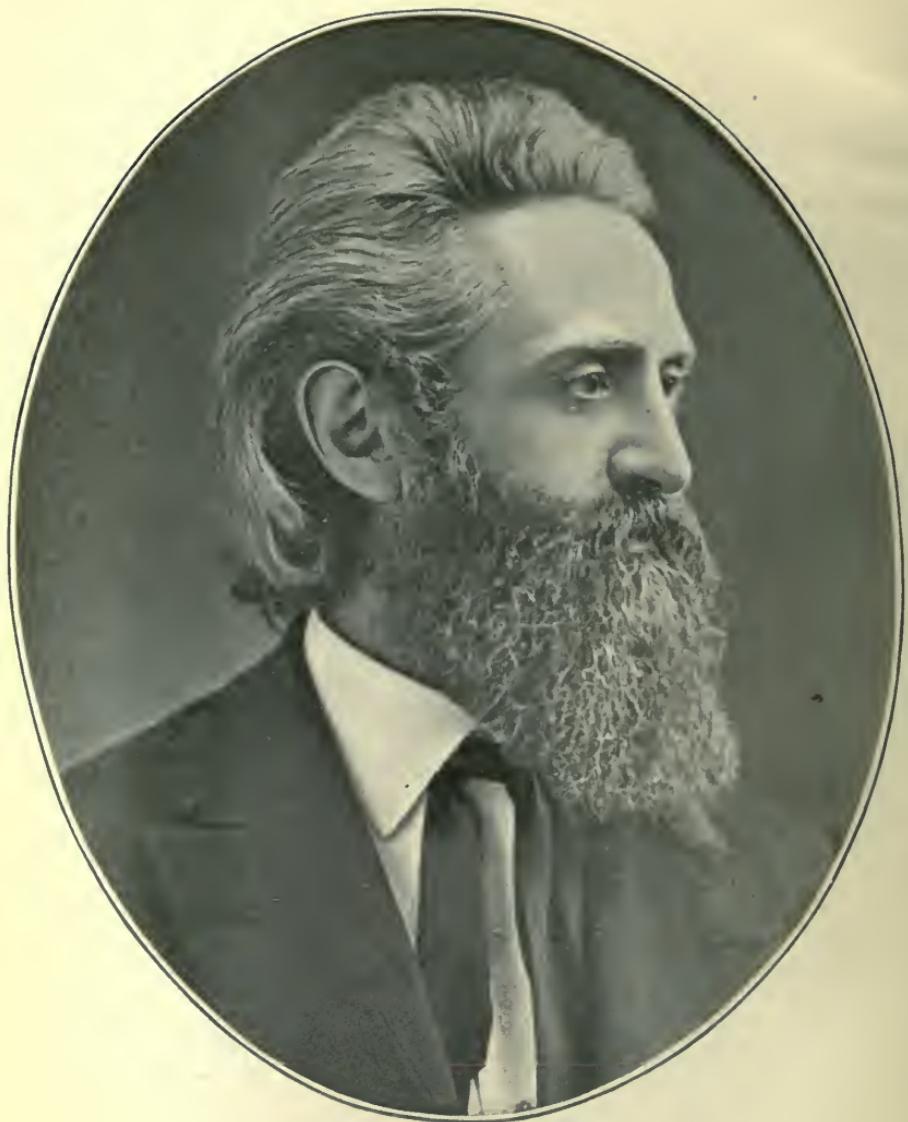
At the conclusion he thanked Mrs. Howland for bringing me to him, took my address and said that I should soon hear from him. I came home to Providence happy because I had made more friends, but had again nearly forgotten all about it when a letter came from Dr. Damrosch asking me to sing the part of "Faust" in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," which he was preparing with the New York Oratorio Society, together with the New York Arion Society and the Philharmonic Orchestra, to produce at Steinway Hall, New York. This was in 1880. I knew nothing about the work but was so delighted at the invitation that I wrote at once accepting. In a day or two I received a letter from Dr. Damrosch with a manuscript copy of the part written in the doctor's peculiar German hand and without accompaniment. I saw that it was a long and very difficult part and, written in this way, I could get but a faint idea of it and wrote Dr. Damrosch.

saying so. He replied that the work had been translated and was in press and said that he would send a copy as soon as possible. I could not wait for this but ordered at once a French copy.

When it came I was astounded at the difficulties of the part and wrote at once asking Dr. Damrosch to be released from my promise to sing it. Then followed several letters of encouragement from him and I began to study the part in earnest. I was progressing but slowly when one day I happened to see in the New York *Herald* an announcement of the first performance in America of Berlioz's "Faust" with my name for the title rôle.

To say that my heart went down and out at my feet but feebly expresses what I felt, but I went immediately to a telegraph office and wired: "Please take my name out of the paper; cannot sing Faust." A sharp letter from Dr. Damrosch followed. He should hold my letters as a contract. I need not fear, he knew better than I what I could do. I must come to him and he would show me how he wanted it sung. Most fatherly and kind, though he would hold me to my word.

After I had the work pretty well in hand I went to New York and there at Dr. Damrosch's house with Franz Remmertz, who sang the part of Mephisto, we began to work together. I found in it an inspiration that made it easy for me to surmount all difficulties. No one could possibly be kinder than was Dr. Damrosch or more helpful and companionable than Remmertz. There were some amusing things that happened at these rehearsals occasionally, though for the most part the time was filled with serious study. For instance, in the work there occur at one place in the part of Mephisto the words: "Come, let us listen to



DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCHE
First Conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, New York

our cooing doves." Remmertz pronounced this line as follows: "Come, let us leesten to our cawing tawves." At this Damrosch glanced sharply at me and saw me smiling. Immediately he exclaimed, "Remmertz, Remmertz, dot iss not 'cawing tawves' (with a rising inflection), but it iss cawing tawves (a falling inflection)." At this I burst out laughing and they joined me heartily.

Things went on thus happily till finally we were summoned to Steinway Hall for rehearsals with the orchestra. We had them each morning for three or four days. It was in the month of February. Steinway Hall seemed to have no provision for warmth and I sat, well wrapped up to be sure but chilly withal. I felt that I was taking cold and went to Dr. Damrosch about it. He was frightened. They had worked up a tremendous interest about the coming performance, which was to take place in three days, and I was the only singer in the country that knew the part. He sent word to Mrs. Howland, who took me home and had me attended by the family physician, Dr. Draper. He succeeded in keeping the cold from my vocal chords, but I had a high fever and was consequently weak; yet in this condition I sang in that memorable first performance. There was one compensation, however; I was too ill to be nervous. I had dreaded the performance on that score, but I seemed to have no nerves and but little voice, though I afterward sang the work at my best.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION"

I HAVE MENTIONED in the last chapter the fact that I had the honor of creating the part of "Faust" in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" at its first production in America, at Steinway Hall, New York, in 1880. Another first performance of a famous oratorio, "The Redemption," by Gounod, was given in Boston, a year or two after, if I remember correctly. Joseph Lennon, a well known musician of Boston, was at that time the conductor of the Boston Oratorio Society, composed for the most part of singers belonging to the various Catholic Church choirs of the city. Mr. Lennon conceived the very laudable plan of giving with his Catholic singers a first performance of this sacred work of a most eminent Catholic musician. There was a great interest aroused. I had recently sung at an important concert in Boston with Theodore Thomas conducting and that gave me the chance to sing in the Gounod performance.

A final rehearsal was appointed in Music Hall and everything promised well. I had made an exhaustive study of the part, for the first time doing without coaching or teaching, for I had reached the conclusion that if there was anything in me of originality, it was time that I found it out. Shortly before this I had come to a question about the production of my voice in

the middle register and needed advice. In my studies I found that there were two distinct ways of tone production beginning at about "b," first space above the bass clef. This tone I could make with all its resonance felt forward in the mouth but without much firmness, or I could make it firmly with a feeling of depth. I asked my teacher one day which was correct, singing the "b" both ways, one after the other. He seemed to listen carefully and then said: "They are both alike." "But," said I, "how can that be, when the feeling of each is as different as black and white are different to my vision?" "Oh, you imagine it," was his reply. Thus left to my own decision I thought that the forward feeling tone must be the correct one because I felt nothing in my throat, while sustaining it; and though I had to change the feeling before I could produce the higher tones, still I was afraid that the feeling deep in my throat when using the other method of production must be wrong simply because I did feel something in my throat, so I was careful to sing all these middle tones feeling them forward in the mouth only.

The Redemption begins with page after page of recitative, the reciting note being this same "b" mentioned above. I found that when I sang this "b" with the forward feeling tone I would tire before I had reached the second page. Trying then the other tone I discovered that I did not tire at all and that the more I used it the better it became. Here then I had found the true answer to my question as to which was correct. I sang day after day in my studies the entire long role and never felt the least fatigue; and whenever I have sung the Redemption I have found my audiences appreciative not only of my voice but of my rendering of the many recitatives. I remember

that at the first rehearsal with orchestra the director, Mr. Lennon, came to me when it was time for the other tenor soloist, (there being in the work some short but beautiful passages allotted to a second voice, that of the Penitent Thief, while the main tenor solo portion of the oratorio is allotted to the part of the Narrator), saying: "The other tenor does not want to undertake this Penitent Thief solo; will you sing it?" "Why, what's the matter?" I will not give his answer, but I was not sorry to undertake the added task, for the tenor melody beginning "Wilt Thou remember me" is the most beautiful of all the solos and I had been regretting all along that it was not in my part.

Another incident of that rehearsal comes to mind as I write. One of the other soloists, an Englishman, came to me after the rehearsal with prodigious compliments and finished up by saying: "But, you're not an American!" I protested that I was. He went on to say that he never had heard an American sing as well. Possibly, however, he had only just arrived in America, for there were many American tenors at that time with far better voices than mine, but because I had studied every accent and inflection of the words of my part and had confidence at last in the use of my voice I sang the rôle with all its appealing pathos as naturally as I possibly could, and—it pleased.

I must not forget to say that the importance of this first performance had aroused some opposition on the part of another and older singing society in Boston that I suppose coveted the honor of a first American production. At any rate an injunction was put on the performance because of some irregularity about the use of the orchestral parts, I believe, and the work after some postponement was finally given in the Bos-

ton Theatre and with only the accompaniment of two grand pianos!

One other incident in connection with this and subsequent performances may not be thought out of place. Ivan Mowrowski, himself an excellent artist who sang the bass Narrator's part at several Redemption performances, evidently liked my singing of the tenor parts, for on more than one occasion when I was walking along the street in Boston I heard a voice somewhere behind me saying: "No one ever sang the Redemption as well as you did," and each time it was the voice of Mr. Mowrowski. A compliment from such a source was one to be proud of and should this meet his eye he will know that I appreciated it.

CHAPTER VII

THE ARION CLUB

IN RECORDING the history of the Arion Club with which I have been associated since its organization I can do no better, it seems to me, than to take advantage of an account that appeared in connection with its fortieth anniversary in 1921 in the *Providence Journal*. This account by one of the *Journal's* staff is so well and accurately written that I can endorse it unqualifiedly. Here it is:

Neither jazz nor moving pictures are admired by Dr. Jules Jordan. Both are false quantities, he maintains, and although both have their apologists who claim that they add zest to living, Dr. Jordan declares that his life without either has been zestful and adventurous beyond the aspirations of most men. The veteran conductor of the Arion Club is celebrating his 40th anniversary with Providence's leading musical society this year and the club's concert at Infantry Hall next Tuesday evening will be the club's tribute to the man who made it.

Four decades spent as impresario, conductor, coach, singer, business manager and soother of many a cruelly torn temperament is not only a career but a career's reward, declared Dr. Jordan recently in an hour's talk in which he recalled the past of the Arion Club, its members, its guests, its triumphs and its

perils. The Arion Club was founded on the love of music and has prospered always because it attracted singing and acting talents which found complete compensation in creating music. Dr. Jordan is proud of the club and proud of his work as its director but is proudest, perhaps, in his knowledge that he has not earned a penny from his 40 years connection with the organization. He has conducted every concert of the Arion's long and imposing list.

Early in the winter of 1880 a group of Providence singers, wishing to learn more about the art, met informally at Grace Church chapel, and sang part songs. They progressed so rapidly that friends and music lovers became interested. On nights when the singers gathered for their evening of song they found an audience awaiting them. The audience grew to such proportions that the singers decided the city had music lovers enough to support a big choral club. This was the inception of the Arion Club. Shortly after its formation Dr. Jordan arranged a programme of songs for public recital.

The first concert was given at the building now occupied by the Providence Boys' Club, which was then known as the Amateur Dramatic Hall and which, later as the Talma Theatre, witnessed the rise of The Players. The concert was held on Feb. 16, 1881, and drew a large crowd. The programme consisted wholly of part songs and included the lieder of the masters Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Rheinberger and Rubinstein.

Dr. Jordan conducted and Robert Bonner, the club's first President, played the viola in the supporting orchestra. The event brought forth congratulations for the chorus, praise for the conductor and his musicians and support from many influential people, who imme-

diately grasped the value of such an organization of musicians in the social life of the city.

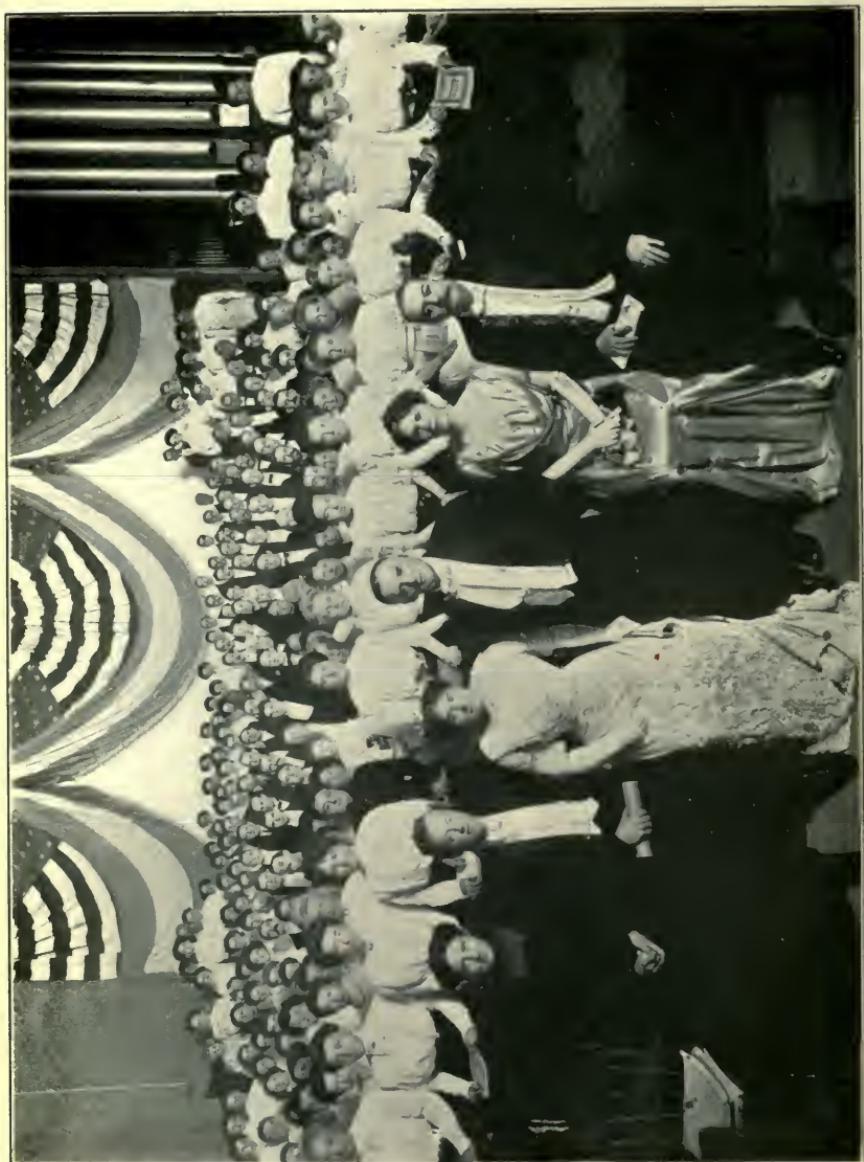
Luck attended the club's infant days and powerful support was given Dr. Jordan in his plans by the late Colonel William Goddard and the late Bishop David Hummel Greer, who was at that time rector of Grace Church. Without these men, Dr. Jordan declares, the achievements of the Arion Club would have been impossible. Colonel Goddard had an extremely powerful and an unusually fine bass voice, and he sang with the club in many of its concerts. He was, besides, a keen adviser, whose combined gifts of musician and business man were much to the club's advantage. His support and that of Bishop Greer were invaluable at many a period of storm and stress. At one time an apparent slackening of interest was noticeable in the membership, and in the public, also. It was suggested at one of the rehearsals that the club disband, and only the encouragement of Bishop Greer and his insistence that the organization should hold together saved the day.

Arionites were lucky in the calibre of their officers. The roster of Presidents included the names of Robert Bonner, the late Colonel William Goddard, the late Johns H. Congdon, H. N. Campbell, Jr., the late Emery Russell, Horace F. Carpenter and George A. Jepherson.

During its 40 years' existence it has given more than 150 concerts. The list of its guest singers would shatter the shade of Oscar Hammerstein and bring grief to the heart of Signor Gatti. Among the sopranos who appeared at Arion Club concerts were Mmes. Marcella Sembrich, Nellie Melba, Lillian Nordica, Emma Juch and Clara Louise Kellogg. Its famous tenors were the incomparable Italo Campanini,

ARION CLUB AFTER A PERFORMANCE OF "THE MESSIAH" IN INFANTRY HALL

Front row, left to right: Miss Helen Hogan, organist; Arthur Clough, tenor; Mme. Caroline Hudson Alexander, soprano; Dr. Jordan, conductor; Miss Pearl Benedict, alto; Fred Martin, basso. (The orchestra has just left the hall to catch the train for Boston.)



Edward Lloyd and the two remarkable Welsh artists, Ben Davies and Evan Williams, who made his first appearance as an oratorio singer with the Arion Club in Haydn's "The Creation."

The famous contraltos who sang under Dr. Jordan's direction included such women as Mme. Clara Butt, Gertrude Edmands, Mme. Mielka and Fursch Madi. Herbert Witherspoon, Emilio Gogorza, Emil Fischer, Fred Martin and Myron Whitney, all bassos, appeared with the club in oratorio and opera.

After eight years of public appearances in song programmes exclusively the club ventured into the realm of oratorio with "Elijah." The audiences of the '80s and the early '90s were keen appreciators of the oratorio as a musical art form and demanded them, the old ones and the new ones, and then demanded them again. The club sang all the standard oratorios at one time or another. Looking back through the long stretch of years Dr. Jordan finds that "The Messiah" was always the club's favorite offering and always the oratorio for which the public was willing to open its purse.

Even classic, familiar, time-honored oratorios cannot meet every need and Dr. Jordan introduced the works of Sir Edward Elgar to the Providence public. The first production of Elgar's setting of Cardinal Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius" created a taste for this Englishman's works and "King Olaf," "Comus," "Caractacus" and "The Apostles" followed in due order. Later Pierne's "Children's Crusade" and Caesar Frank's "The Beatitudes" were sung by the Arion forces. While rehearsing the oratorios of the modern composers, Dr. Jordan discovered that these men, although rarely reaching the heights of Handel and Haydn, brought a new quality of voice

into the form, a quality which necessitated more frequent practice by the singers.

Since the club existed on subscriptions and turned its profits into club improvements and expansion it was early decided that the Arion Club would be a Providence organization and would serve only Providence audiences. Only on one occasion did the Arionites sing outside of the city. In 1894 they journeyed to Pawtucket, where they gave Dr. Jordan's patriotic ballad "Barbara Frietchie," in the old Pawtucket Auditorium. This piece, which was scored for soprano, chorus and orchestra, was dedicated to Lillian Nordica by the composer.

When it was decided to give the "Barbara Frietchie" in Providence, Dr. Jordan was determined on having Mme. Nordica sing the soprano part. She was singing at Mechanics' Hall in Boston and he called on her there. Nordica was, according to Dr. Jordan, an incomparable and most conscientious artist, but a woefully poor reader. When he interviewed her she was extremely hoarse because of overwork occasioned by too many appearances. She did, however, promise to come to Providence and assured Dr. Jordan that she would telegraph about the condition of her voice the night before the Providence performance.

Nordica's coming was awaited with the keenest interest by the public and with anxiety by the Arion Club's conductor. Came the morning of the concert and no word from the diva. At 11 o'clock Dr. Jordan sent a telegram to Mme. Emma Juch's manager, begging him to send her on as Nordica's substitute. The New York prima donna was located at a market near her home and had to race for a train to come to Providence. She came, read the part and everything was ready for the concert.

Everything, that is, but Dr. Jordan's delicate task of telling a crowded house that Mme. Juch would sing in place of the adored Nordica. As bravely as he could the conductor faced the crowd and made his announcement. Displeasure was expressed immediately, not boisterously, but unmistakably, and Mme. Juch advanced to sing to the coldest audience in the club's history. When she finished the audience rose to its feet in applause for a true artist and a courageous woman.

Of all the great singers of the past Dr. Jordan is frank in reserving his greatest admiration for Nordica. His career as a musician and his experiences as conductor of the Arion Club led him into the great soprano's path repeatedly. It was Nordica who sang his "Jael" at the Worcester Festival, and it was Nordica who brought down the rage of Nellie Melba on his head.

The Arion Club once gave a special series of concerts and Nordica and Melba were billed on two separate programmes. Nordica sang on the first programme, which bore an announcement, at the bottom, that Melba would be the assisting artist at the next concert. When Melba arrived in Providence she saw a copy of the Nordica programme and was incensed at finding her name below that of her rival. She called her manager, Ellis, into her apartment at the Narragansett Hotel and gave him a pyrotechnical exhibition of what one woman can do to half a dozen languages. Passion was torn to shreds when Dr. Jordan arrived, just as the famous Nellie was demanding the head "of this Jordan person." After repeated sparring and soothings he got the Australian songbird into a condition where she was willing, and able, to look at the offending programme. It had the prices

of both concerts printed on it and Melba's concert prices were higher than those charged for Nordica's, and so was vengeance gained and art saved for the audience.

But Melba at her top highest could not compete with Italo Campanini, the tenor brother of that Cleofante, the conductor, who once charmed Metropolitan audiences. Italo was "a first chop" tenor, and he knew it.

The Arion Club was giving George Chadwick's "Phœnix Expirans" and Dr. Jordan secured Campanini, Nordica, Del Puente and Mme. Campbell for the quartet. He heard them sing it in Boston shortly before the Providence production and the performance was a bit ragged. Dr. Jordan insisted on a rehearsal and three singers arrived for it, but Signor Italo was not among them. As the concert approached the tenor learned that his number was to follow a long choral piece. He objected and his woes attracted a crowd in the corridor of Infantry Hall. "Who maka dat programme?" he demanded of Dr. Jordan. "I did. What's the matter with it?" replied the conductor. "Me, Campanini! I nevair sing secon' number." "You'll sing one to-night if you sing at all! Do you understand that?" When Dr. Jordan told the furious tenor that no singing meant no money a peace parley was arranged and Campanini, acknowledging defeat, served his art well and gathered unto himself the golden ducats.

The history of the Arion Club, its service to the community, its inspiration to young singers, all form the reward of Dr. Jordan's labors. He says he is as interested in the club today as he was in the part-time song days of the '80s and his enthusiasm for the production of Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment" next Tuesday evening bears out his words.

SELECT CHORUS FROM THE ARION CLUB

With some of the soloists, after a rehearsal of "La Gioconda," on the stage of the Strand Theatre, 1917. Dr. Jordan at centre; at his right Miss Inez Harrison, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Fontes, baritone; at Dr. Jordan's left Miss Mary McCabe, soprano; Lionel P. Storr, basso.



Perhaps the most significant thing about Dr. Jordan's 40 years of directorship and about the man himself is revealed in his action in inducing the club members to turn the profits of the next performance over to Mary Iacovino, the young Warren mill girl, who will sing the part of Maria.

Dr. Jordan is old in the service of music and his young soprano is just beginning. But because she has a voice of golden promise and is handicapped by the daily need of earning her own living, the Arion Club's conductor is dedicating his night of triumph to the young soprano's future.

"Forty years' work," said Dr. Jordan, "is amply paid for, is more than paid for, by the discovery of a voice such as Mary Iacovino's. No Forty-niner ever found such a nugget as I have found in this singer. The years are worth all the labor, all the disappointments, and the pleasant things are enriched enormously by the promise of this girl's voice."

When a man reaches this degree of love for music, 40 years seem all too short a time for the accomplishment of such prodigies and music lovers everywhere will bow in admiration to Dr. Jordan as he hands his laurels over to his admired young singer.

The *Journal* account ends here, but I wish to add the names of those distinguished accompanists whose assistance, given in every case cordially and without remuneration, has lightened my labors as only another in my place could appreciate. They have my thanks and the knowledge that an intelligent public has always realized their sacrifices in behalf of the cause and appreciated them as I do. They are in order of time as follows: John H. Mason, Albert Stanley, Nathan B. Sprague, Mme. Avis Bliven Charbonnel, Miss Harriet

Mansir, Ralph Kinder, Miss Helen Hogan, Miss Eleanor Schofield, George H. Pickering, Miss Bertha Woodward and Miss Edna Mathewson. I also wish to add to the long list of works mentioned by the *Journal* writer and to say that we have given many of the great operas (in concert form), Gounod's "Faust" (several times), the same composer's "Romeo and Juliet," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," Samson and Delilah," "Aida," and a vast number of cantatas, part songs, etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW I BEGAN TO COMPOSE MUSIC

AT ONE OF MY LESSONS WITH George L. Osgood, my first singing teacher, he said: "Why don't you write something; write a song." I told him that there were several reasons—first, that I had never studied composition; then, too, while I could possibly invent and write down a melody that I never would do so till I could harmonize it correctly; and there was yet another reason, that I should probably be so dissatisfied with it all that I would be sorry I had written it. "You'll get over that some day," said he.

After I had studied in Paris, my mind being pretty well satisfied about a method of singing I began to study harmony and theory, not with the intention of writing music but simply as a part of my musical education. I found it a rough and thorny road however, so barren indeed that I never once had the desire to write anything but exercises. When I had been studying a year or more, there came from New York at the instance of Miss Kellogg a young lady, Miss G—, to study singing. She came regularly each week and on one visit she asked me to sing a little song which Mrs. Kellogg had told her to be sure to ask for. I told her it was so simple that it was really not worth while, but she insisted and I

complied. It was a song that I had picked up somewhere, the words being the old "Ninety and Nine." Mrs. Kellogg had a great liking for such simple melodies and had remembered this one. I used to sing it with an accompaniment of my own contriving. The song pleased Miss G— so much that she asked me to give it to her. But I had no copy. "Can't you make one for me?" she asked. I did so and was so pleased with the look of it, especially with my own arrangement of accompaniment, that a few days after, when reading in a book of Shelley's poems I came upon his "Love's Philosophy" and began to sing it to an impromptu melody, I at once wrote the latter down with some simple chords. It lay on my piano day by day and as opportunity offered I would elaborate the accompaniment and now and then I would sing the song to pupils and friends. Soon after this I was called upon by Mr. Rhodes, the choir master of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, of Providence. He had come to see if it would be convenient to receive Mr. Frank Potter of New York, who, being in Providence for medical treatment, had been singing solos at St. Stephen's. He said that Mr. Potter had heard me sing in the "Faust" performances in New York and wanted to meet me. Mr. Potter was the brother of Bishop Potter of New York and had himself been the music critic of the New York Herald at the time of the "Faust" performances. I found him to be most genial, a fine singer and an unusually fine reader. We had had an enjoyable half hour when he happened to see on the piano my new song, "Love's Philosophy." "What's this, a new song!" he exclaimed. "Let's try it." He sang it well, reading it at sight perfectly.

"That's a fine song," said he, "why haven't you sent it to a publisher?" "Oh, a publisher wouldn't look at it; it's one of mine!" "You ought to be proud of it; let's try it again. I tell you it is a good song. Send it to Schirmer and say that I told you to do so," said he. He insisted so earnestly and so long that I promised to acquiesce. After a day or two I mailed the song to New York but with many misgivings. In two or three days I received a letter with a check enclosed from Schirmer saying: "If you have any more songs as good as this send them along." This of course was encouraging and inspiring, and I wrote several, Schirmer taking them all. I was at that time singing in church in Boston and having three or four songs with me one day, when calling at A. P. Schmidt's music store, I showed them to him and before I had left the store he had bought them all. Then I thought I would retain what I might write and gather them in an "album," so after I had written ten songs I took them to New York with a very definite idea as to what I wanted to do with them. I went directly to Schirmer's early one morning and asked to see Mr. Rudolf Schirmer, with whom I had previously dealt. He was expected every moment and I sat down to wait for him. Soon a clerk came to me, saying: "Mr. Schirmer has sprained his ankle and won't be down, but we have told him that you are here and he would like you to come to him." I went, finding him with his foot lifted into a chair. He greeted me cordially, saying: "Why didn't you let us have that song Schmidt has just put out, 'There, Little Girl, Don't Cry'?" I explained as best I could and said: "But Mr. Schirmer, I have ten more here." "Have you? All right, we'll

take them at the same terms as the others." Schirmer had always paid me for each song as I sent it. "No," said I, "I want you to take these on a royalty basis and I want them brought out in album form." "We have no royalty accounts excepting with Dudley Buck and Harry Rowe Shelley," he answered. "With all others we pay cash." "Then I'm afraid I shall have to take them elsewhere." He quickly rang a small bell that was on the table beside him and when a servant came he told him to open the folding doors of the room and roll in the piano. He then asked me to sing the songs, which I did, whereupon he agreed to my terms and I left in a happy frame of mind.

I wrote much after that, too much I am sure, but Schirmer would take everything, good, bad and indifferent. Other publishers, too, found some of my songs worth their attention and with added experience I began to write anthems, part songs, etc., and finally wrote one summer a romantic opera "Rip Van Winkle," with which the "Bostonians" played a lucrative engagement in Providence.

I think that I can modestly claim to be, for the most part, self taught in this art, though I have had some assistance and more good advice. For instance, while I was singing as I did one year with George W. Chadwick's choir in Boston I asked him to give me lessons in counterpoint. Said he, (in effect), "You don't need them; all you need is to write, write, write. That's the best schooling!"

Then, again, a friend of mine told me one day that she was studying the piano with McDowell. "Will you take a message to him for me?" said I. "Certainly, what is it?" "Ask him if he will receive me as a pupil in counterpoint." I saw her the next

week. "What did McDowell say?" "He said that you didn't need lessons; he had seen your music and it's all right!" Soon after this I went "incognito," so to speak, and succeeded in getting lessons from Mr. Percy Goetchius, a great teacher of a great art.

I presume that all those who compose have been asked how they do it. I have been asked that question many times. I never "try" to write music. I just do so when I feel the impulse, which I often try to resist but usually in vain. I write whenever and wherever the impulse comes to me—on a train or trolley, at night sometimes, when I awake, at the piano or away from it, though I always prove what I write by using the piano.

It has been an unfailing joy but I have found even greater satisfaction in scoring for the orchestra, as the opportunity thus afforded kindles the fancy and a comparatively simple piano score will elaborate itself quite surprisingly when scoring for orchestra. I say all this with the most modest feelings of what my efforts in this direction may have been worth but, what I have said may be of some interest to those who may read it.

CHAPTER IX

THE POWER OF SIMPLE SONGS

I HAVE MENTIONED in previous chapters the good fortune that followed my singing of simple songs on two occasions and there are a third and a fourth occasion that I must also mention. The third was when at one time, on a summer vacation, I visited the hotel at the summit of Mount Washington. There were present some people from Providence with whom I was acquainted and who asked me to sing. Among other pieces I sang the simple hymn "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour." A year or two afterward some one called on me to say that the night before he had heard an address given to the prisoners at the Rhode Island State Prison by a reformed man, one who had long borne a notoriously bad reputation. In his address he attributed his conversion to my singing of that hymn at the top of Mount Washington. This man afterward became widely known as the "Prisoner's Friend." He has long since passed to his rest and his reward.

Let me now mention the fourth case, for it led to my acquaintance with a Rhode Island family whose influence has been for many years to me an inspiration and a benefit beyond my power of expressing.

In the days when I used to sing with the Grace

Church choir in Providence, on every Good Friday at both morning and evening service I sang a song of Schumann's, "Das Alte Lied," for which our organist, Albert Stanley, had arranged the words of a hymn "O Sacred Head." This became a great favorite in the church and especially with Dr. and Mrs. Greer, who would always remind me that they expected it on Good Friday. Indeed, I think that it became a feature of those services and attracted some persons to the church who were not accustomed to worship there.

One day after I had sung this hymn I received a very cordial and friendly letter from Mrs. Rowland Hazard expressing her appreciation and thanks for the good she had derived from my singing of the beautiful words. A day or so after that I was called upon by Miss Caroline Hazard, a daughter of Mrs. Hazard, who said that they wished to meet me to thank me again personally. Soon after this members of the Hazard family, one by one, began to study singing with me and joined the Arion Club. The country residence of the Hazards was and is at Peace Dale, R. I. There, a few years after the Arion Club had started on its career, Mr. R. G. Hazard, the eldest son, together with his sister, Miss Caroline Hazard, organized the Narragansett Choral Society. Mr. Hazard urged me strongly to take charge of their rehearsals and concerts but at that time I was extremely busy and felt that I should not undertake to go out of town for regular work. Accordingly I recommended Nathan B. Sprague, a young man who had succeeded Albert Stanley at the organ in Grace Church and who had been playing for me there and also at the Arion Club rehearsals. Mr. Sprague was

accepted and conducted the Peace Dale rehearsals and concerts with admirable success for several years but finally left Providence and all his activities thereabout, and Mr. Hazard came again to me saying, "You must come, to save the situation." So I went, and I shall never forget the look of sorrow on the faces of the singers whom I met for the first time in Peace Dale. They had become fond of Mr. Sprague, for he not only was a good conductor but he had a genial personality that made him many friends. They did not know me and I suppose looked upon me as something to be borne with if they were to go on with their rehearsals. And so began my experience with the Narragansett Choral Society, an experience which has continued without a break ever since, a period of many years.

Of the splendid hospitality and friendly interest shown me by the entire Hazard family in Peace Dale, sometimes at Oakwoods, the house of Rowland Hazard, where Rowland Hazard the grandson now lives, sometimes at Holly House, the home of Mrs. R. G. Hazard, again at "The Acorns," the lovely home of Mrs. Helen Hazard Bacon, and at "The Scallop Shell," the residence of Miss Caroline Hazard, I am never tired of thinking or speaking. Princely in their appointments, these houses are conducted in so simple a way that guests are made to feel "at home" and "of the family" and I am glad and proud to acknowledge my great indebtedness for all and to all.

The Narragansett Choral Society, which at this writing has just closed its 32nd year, has an enviable record to its credit. Formerly of about 100 members, a stage was built for its use at rehearsals and con-

certs in the Hazard Memorial Hall, where excellent performances have been given of the great choral works "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," "The Beatitudes," by Caesar Franck, some of Elgar's works and many another's besides a great number of part songs and cantatas. The value of this society to the community is incalculable of course and while at present its numbers are diminished by reason of various and inevitable changes, still it is continuing in as excellent performances as ever and doubtless will regain its full membership as the younger generation begins to realize its privileges.

CHAPTER X

CHORUS WORK NEAR AND FAR

FORMERLY more than at present, I believe, it was the custom in various parts of the country to hold at certain seasons what were called musical conventions that sometimes developed so that they deserved a more distinctive title, that of music festival. The famous Worcester Festival developed from just such a beginning, I have been told. Some well-known conductor would receive a call from some remote place and going by appointment would meet a company of singers, young or middle aged, determining what should be taken up for study, usually some cantata or oratorio if the singers were advanced enough, this being the chief work undertaken, which would be supplemented by part songs, various concerted pieces for the assisting soloists making programmes usually for two evening concerts and a matinee. These would all have to be learned in a week or ten days, necessitating rehearsals every evening and often more frequently. The conductor would find his band of singers eager and willing to be taught, but of course his own labor would be arduous, so that after a few years he would discover that however much he might enjoy it the necessity of husbanding one's strength would cause him to hesitate about accepting too many such en-



SOLOISTS FOR THE LISBON, N. H., FESTIVAL
Standing, left to right: George W. Dover, Harry G. H.
Rawson, Thomas Livingston, William D. Stone
Sitting, left to right: Miss Luella Flagg, Mrs. Martha Dana
Shepard, Dr. Jordan, Miss Annie J. Moulton, Miss Sue McKay

gagements. At least that is the way I found it to be and I have had enough experience in such affairs to warrant the expression of an opinion.

I went for three or four years each summer to Claremont, N. H., where we held a series of successful concerts, the first being so very successful and engendering so much enthusiasm that it resulted the next season in the building of a new opera house, the old town hall having proved to be entirely inadequate to accommodate the overflowing attendance. I well remember an interesting circumstance attending the very first rehearsal. There was only a fair-sized chorus present and I observed that many of the young singers instead of paying attention to me and what I might be saying were having a "good time" among themselves. I tried to call them to a sense of their privilege and duties but in vain. Finally I stopped the proceedings and said in effect: "If there are those here who came for any other purpose than to study this music we have taken up, then the sooner they leave the room the better I shall be pleased." A look of surprise, even consternation, went around, but they were quiet and attentive the rest of the evening. At the close of the rehearsal the chairman of their convention committee came to me saying: "You shouldn't talk in that way to the chorus, for if you do you won't have a chorus." "Better have twenty who care to learn," I replied, "than a hundred who do not." The next rehearsal, it having been reported outside what I had said, there was a great influx of the best singers in town who had never been known to come before, and we had a fine chorus and gave a series of concerts such as had never been given previously and that resulted

in the new Opera House. I also went to Lisbon, N. H., two or three years, in the winter, and I greatly enjoyed it, even with the thermometer at 23 below, as it was one morning, I remember. In Burlington, Vt., we gave some fine concerts for two years or more, at one time presenting St. Saens's "Samson and Delilah." We generally had a pretty good orchestra, small but of experienced players. I remember, too, the conventions that were given under my direction in Ludlow and Newport, Vt.

I also went two or three times to Binghamton, N. Y., a beautiful and thriving city, where we had a fine chorus and gave excellent concerts, as we did also in Elmira, N. Y.

Near home I had for several years a good chorus at South Framingham, Mass., and another at North Attleboro, Mass., a third at Willimantic, Conn., my birth place; and for many years I have been going to Peace Dale, where the Narragansett Choral Society has had a career scarcely second to that of our own Arion Club in Providence.

I have found in all this much satisfaction and enjoyment, even though the work has been strenuous.

Through my acquaintance with the best of artists all these festivals have benefited and I have the satisfaction of knowing that many of the friendships thus formed in these various towns still endure.

CHAPTER XI

MY EXPERIENCE WITH TEACHERS ABROAD

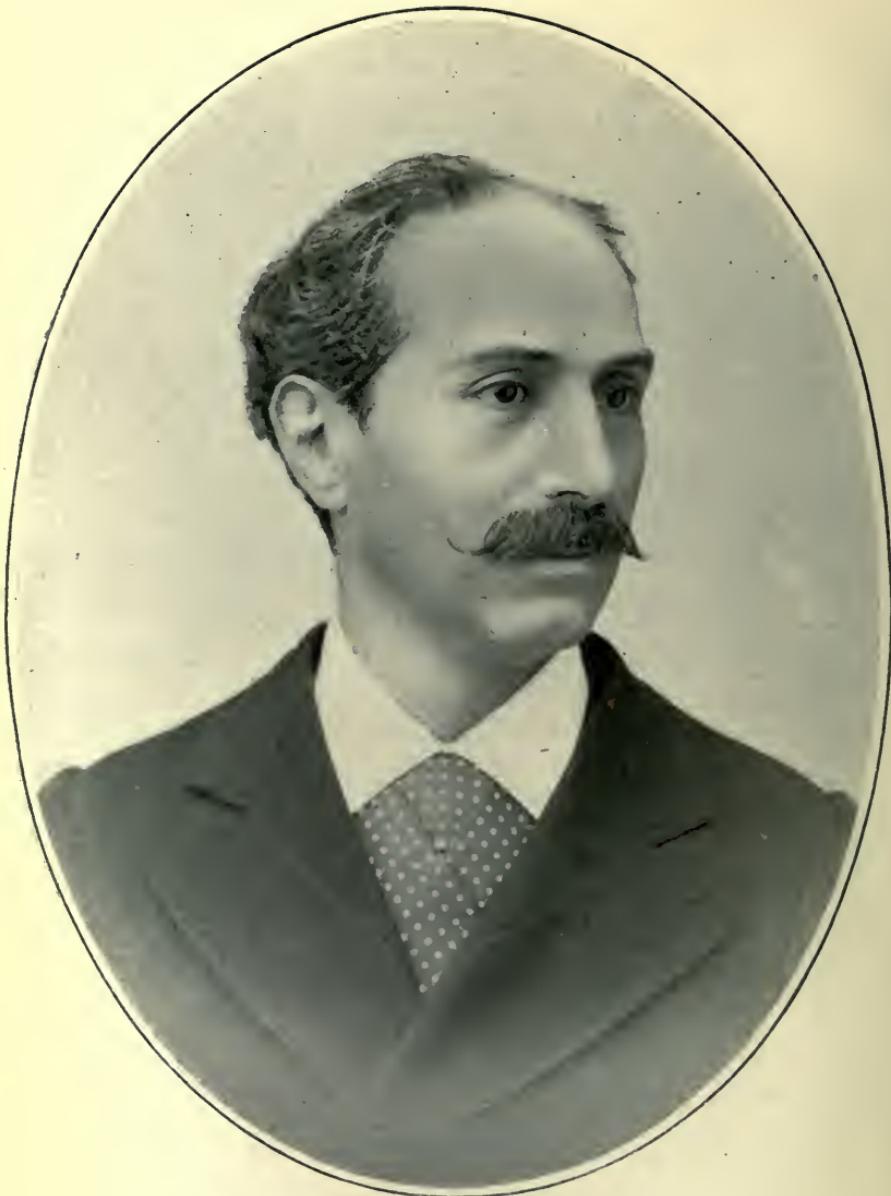
MY FIRST TRIP to Europe was made in the spring and summer of 1886. I spent my time till near the end of my vacation in sight-seeing, but finally looked up a number of teachers, including a Mr. Holland and Ciro Pinsuti the song writer, both of whom had been recommended to me. Then meeting my friend, J. C. Bartlett of Boston, author of the song "Last night I was Dreaming," and finding that he was studying with an English teacher, Mr. S., I decided to go to him but my time of leave had nearly expired and I had hardly begun when I had to return home. Early the next spring, however, I started again for London with the single purpose of study. I went again to Mr. S. and studied faithfully, going two, three and four times a week for lessons.

I wish that I could say that I improved! On the contrary I lost all my buoyancy and with it my interest and hopes. Indeed I had made up my mind that I would give it all up when one day my teacher said: "You seem tired and ill; why don't you take a little vacation?" That I was ready for a vacation can well be imagined and I at once decided to go to Paris. I had expected to meet my dear friends Clara Louise Kellogg and her mother in London

and to make the journey home with them. I knew that they were on the way from St. Petersburg, where Miss Kellogg had been singing, and I knew that they would remain in Paris three or four weeks. I would meet them in Paris, then, and surprise them. This I did, being at their train when it rolled into the station in Paris. After cordial greetings Miss Kellogg said to me, "I've heard all along the way from St. Petersburg and through Italy of a teacher here, Sbriglia, with whom I have made an appointment to sing and I want you to go with me to him tomorrow morning."

I had lost all interest in singing, but because she had asked me I was glad to go with her. Next morning we found the place, 26 Rue Provence, and climbed the interminable stairs to his studio. She began to sing and I was much more interested to hear her voice again than in anything a teacher might tell her. But soon my attention was arrested by what they were saying and I found my interest reawakening. After the lesson and on the way to the hotel, Miss Kellogg asked if I liked what had been said and done. I did. She said: "I don't think that I do, I've never heard anything like that before," referring to something that Sbriglia had said about position. I replied, "I liked his way of sticking to it; he persisted till you did what he wanted." "Well," said Miss Kellogg, "I don't like it!" But she went morning after morning and I with her.

After two or three days I asked her to tell him that I was a singer and would like him to hear me. "No," she responded, "I don't think he is the teacher for you." Yet one morning she did ask him to hear me. He said little to encourage me but I had seen



SIGNOR GIOVANNI SBRIGLIA
The famous singing teacher in Paris

and heard enough to convince me that he was the one who could help me; besides I had had the advantage of hearing his instructive comments on Miss Kellogg's singing and in a day or two she said: "I never heard any one improve as you do!" "Well," I answered, "I believe in him and try to do what he asks of me. I think that is what makes the difference." I improved every day and when it came time for us to leave Paris for London I did so with the determination to return at the earliest possible moment and continue my studies with Signor Sbriglia. I wrote Mr. S. in London, making an appointment for a lesson each of the two mornings I was to be there. I was on hand at the hour appointed and began to sing. He paused after a moment or so, saying: "I never have known a change of climate to do so much for a voice; yours is in fine condition. That's the way to sing. You ought to go home happy. I thought you'd get it some day and you have." I thanked him but said little till the next morning, when he was again enthusiastic, attributing my improvement wholly to the change of climate. "Twas something more than that. I took lessons while I was in Paris." "You did! Of whom?" "His name is Sbriglia." "Sbriglia? I never heard of him," (taking his pencil and writing the name on his cuff).

That is the last I saw of Mr. S., but early the next spring I returned to Paris and had a lesson every morning from the middle of May till the last of August. I learned three operas, "Lucia," "La Sonambula" and Il Barbiere di Siviglia." I had no intention of going into opera but mastered these as studies.

One morning while going for my lesson I deter-

mined to ask Sbriglia to hear me sing rapid scales. I had taught myself this and had found it such an easy matter by a method that I had discovered (after struggling without method)—so easy indeed that I mistrusted it and never had sung scales in this way for any one, thinking it might be said to be a trick. After the lesson that morning I asked Sbriglia to hear me and after a trial or two I found my pace, so to speak, when he suddenly leaped from his chair, crying: "There hasn't been a tenor in Europe for fifty years who sang scales in that way! Get a copy of '*Il Barbiere*' and we will learn the entire '*Alma-viva*' part." I did so. Sbriglia was so well satisfied that he began at once to talk of an operatic engagement for me.

This I would not agree to, for his plan seemed entirely based on the fact that I could sing this florid music, and as such music had little interest for me as music I did not care to undertake it; besides I was not tall enough to appear well in opera. He argued with me repeatedly. He said I could "wear high heels" and I could do this and that, but I would not consent till one day he told me that the managers of the new theatre at Nice were in Paris and had engaged one or two of his pupils. He had told them of my singing and they would like to hear me. Of course I was willing to sing for them and did so. As a result they asked if I would consider an engagement. I declined. They then asked if I would sing for their orchestra leader Vianesi. I was willing to and the next day they came with Vianesi to Sbriglia's. I sang the last scene in Lucia, "*Tombe degl' avi miei*," and "*Ecco Ridente*" from "*Il Barbiere*."

As I finished I saw the managers glance at Vianesi. He nodded his head. They then came to me, one of them taking from his pocket a contract, which they read to me, I was to sing three times a week and to receive 4000 francs per month so long as they had the management of the theatre. I again declined, much to the discomfiture of Sbriglia and the astonishment of the others. Sbriglia said: "They come here from America willing to pay for an opportunity to sing in opera and you can refuse this!" He was really inconsolable, and a day or two after, when I had received a cablegram from the Worcester Festival managers asking me to sing the part of "Faust" in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" at their first production of this work, I took it to Sbriglia. He looked at it and immediately dropped it upon his table, exclaiming: "This is one performance and you could sing in the opera month after month!" Sometimes I have been sorry that I did not make the trial, but on the whole I think that I have been happier and possibly done more for the cause than I could have done as an opera singer.

CHAPTER XII

THE STORY OF A DISCOVERY

AT ONE TIME when I was in London, having seen that the famous tenor Sims Reeves was to appear in concert, I determined to go and hear him. Disappointment awaited me, for he did not appear, indisposition being the excuse. Again and again I went to hear him at various times and places but with always the same result. The fact was that Sims Reeves at that time was nearing his 70th year and his indispositions were natural at that age. However, seeing at another time the advertisement of a ventriloquist who would give as one of his acts an imitation of Reeves, I decided that if I could not hear the real thing I would hear the imitation and so posted off to the entertainment.

There I sat entirely uninterested until the Reeves imitation came, when I found that the ventriloquist was so good a singer that I marvelled he did not make singing his profession. It did not occur to me at the time that he used his ventriloquial tones for his singing, but as I thought it over I came to the conclusion that he did. The circumstance and the thought lay dormant in my mind, and later one summer during which I travelled back and forth from Providence to Willimantic, my old home, where I was passing my vacation, I was both amazed and

amused to notice that the trainman, well along in years, would, in calling out the different stations, always do so with a very high pitched voice and always on the same pitch, high C. Hearing this as I did each week, it made a distinct impression on me, and one day, going into my studio directly from the train, I began to imitate the trainman and much to my surprise found myself shouting out the high C with great ease and precision. I amused myself for a few moments thus and then forgot about it.

Some months before this, after I had sung the tenor part in Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass at one of the Boylston Club concerts in Boston, at which George Henschel, who was then the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Leandro Campanari, who was in charge of the choir at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, were present, both these gentlemen wrote me, Mr. Henschel asking me to become the tenor in his quartette, comprising Mrs. Henschel, himself and Gertrude Edmands, contralto. I accepted the invitation and sang with them in several concerts at which he produced some quartettes by Schumann, Brahms and others.

Mr. Campanari wanted me to take the tenor solos in his choir and came to Providence two or three times to urge me in the matter. But I was then with Dr. Greer, (afterward Bishop Greer of New York), at Grace Church and he would never hear of my leaving there.

Shortly after this Mr. Campanari resigned his position in Boston and returned to Italy, when George W. Whiting, who had for years before been the organist at the Immaculate Conception in Boston, returned from Chicago, where he had been teaching

for several years in the Conservatory, and resumed his old position in Boston. Thereupon he wrote me, saying that the people there had long wanted me for their choir and now that he had returned perhaps I would feel like coming.

Dr. Greer had by that time left Providence for New York. I had been singing in Grace Church for years and took the opportunity to resign. When this invitation came again from Boston I had about decided to accept it when the thought struck me: "They sing, every year, at the Immaculate Conception the Verdi 'Requiem' and the Rossini 'Stabat Mater';" and I said to myself: "You cannot sing those works; they are beyond your range!" Then; (again to myself): "Why can't you? You have a tenor voice and why should you not be able to sing these works?" Like a flash came the thought: "I'll try them with that ventriloquial production!" I did so and found that I could reach the high tones with perfect ease and security. The tones were crude, to be sure, but there they were! Immediately I thought: "I've made a discovery and I believe it's something I should have been taught long ago."

All alone—that is to say without advice—I began to work at it. I certainly made some queer sounds—so queer that the people with whom I was living, hearing me, were alarmed, thinking that I would ruin my voice, but I felt that if so the cause was worth the sacrifice and persisted. In a few weeks these same people and all my friends began to say: "Why, how much better and easier your high tones are than they were! What have you been doing?"

Of course I could not go to the Boston choir to try

out this experiment but when I had definitely settled the matter in my own mind I began to teach it and I well remember the first instance.

Mrs. Stone, the widow of an old friend of mine, brought her son to me for lessons. He was then about nineteen and had a very deep and full bass voice which with difficulty could reach only as high as middle C. Mrs. Stone said that it had been the dearest wish of her husband that the boy, Will, should have lessons of me as soon as he was old enough. Here I had an opportunity to test my discovery, for the boy came with implicit confidence in everything that I should tell him.

We began. I had learned how to apply my discovery to my own voice but here it was a different proposition. Little by little, however, we found the way and finally many times when Will would happen to call during a lesson with some other pupil, I would say as he opened the door: "Stand right where you are and sing." I would usually begin the scale with low A flat and take his voice in a moderately rapid scale two octaves to upper A flat. This I could do at any time without any preparation on his part other than to take his position.

I have had a similiar success in many other cases. Sometimes I find this ventriloquial production (as I call it) natural, and always when it is so, the voice is high. Sometimes tenors who do not have it, imagine, or have been told, that they are baritones and sometimes I have found cases where this natural production was over done and have had to loosen and readjust the action of production. This discovery I made too late for my own use as a public singer but I have it always ready to help others with.

In this connection the following facts may be interesting. The well known and justly popular tenor, Evan Williams, now unhappily no more, made his first appearance in oratorio with the Arion Club of Providence when he sang the "Creation" under my leadership. We became fast friends and used to spend the vacation seasons together at my farm in Willimantic. I was fond of his singing, which occasionally was wonderfully fine and impressive although he never sang at his best in Providence and I had difficulty in persuading the people here to believe that he could sing with the best. I engaged him in all five times, I believe, but never once did he do himself full justice. The last time he came, however, he sang better than he ever had before. This was our first concert of the season and I told him that it "was something like" and, as we expected to sing the "Hymn of Praise" at the spring concert, I should possibly want him for that.

The season wore on and I learned that Ben Davies, the Welsh tenor, was to visit America again. Mr. Davies had sung with us and was a favorite. Believing that it might be his last visit to America, I decided to engage him for the "Hymn of Praise" and let Mr. Williams wait another opportunity. One day Williams phoned from Boston that he was to sing there that evening and asked me to come to hear him. I could not accept his invitation as I had another engagement out of town. However I asked a friend who lived in my house to go in my place. After the Boston concert they returned to Providence together and when I came home the next morning I found that Williams, who came at once to my studio, was grievously disappointed at the turn things had taken

and while I was explaining the matter my first pupil of the day came for his lesson.

Williams took a newspaper from his pocket and went into the reception room to wait till the time came for his train to New York. I began the lesson. Almost instantly Williams was on his feet in the doorway exclaiming: "That's the best thing I ever heard anyone say about singing!" Williams had only known me as a conductor. I had said little to him about singing excepting to ask why, when I had heard him sing so wonderfully at other places, he could not sing the same in Providence.

I paid little attention to what he said, for I had known him long enough to realize that he was an enthusiast, the kind whose "last teacher was the best." After the pupil had gone and before the next one appeared, Williams said: "Show me how to do that, I can't do it." "Oh! no, why should I undertake to tell you anything about singing, you whom I've paid so much and so often? You could not understand in the few minutes you have before train time." "I'll wait till the next train." "No, no! I don't want to interfere with your singing." "But you should be willing to help me." "Look here, Williams. If I had come to you and said, I have, or know, something that would help you in your singing, you would probably laugh at me. No, I don't want to interfere."

Williams stayed in my studio all day and really wore me out, importuning me at every opportunity. He came repeatedly from New York for instruction as he had opportunity and I believe that I did him much good, at least he would write me from various

places where he had gone to sing, telling me of the benefit he was deriving from my ideas.

I engaged Ben Davies as I had intended and the concert came that spring during Easter week. The day before the concert Davies wrote me from Boston, saying that as he was to sing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, when we were to have our public rehearsal for the "Hymn of Praise," he would be unable to be present in Providence. I replied as follows: "You know the 'Hymn of Praise,' you know me and I know you. You need not come for the rehearsal." He again wrote: "I haven't sung the work for a long time and would like to come and try it with you at the piano."

He came and after we had finished he snapped his book together and said: "Tell me about Williams." "Tell you what about Williams?"

"Why, I was dining with his former teacher in New York a few days ago and began chaffing him about Williams saying, "Something must be wrong with your teaching for they tell me Williams's voice is deteriorating?" 'Not so?' cried the teacher. 'Everybody in New York is saying that Williams sang better than he was ever known to do on Easter Sunday'." At that I began to smile. "You seem to know something about it." "I do," said I, drawing from my pocket a letter that I had received a few days before from Williams, in which he said that people told him that he never had sung so well as on Easter.

Davies read the letter. "That's remarkable," said he. "Show me what you showed Williams." "Look here, Davies," I said. "I'm paying you a heavy fee

to sing for me and you ask me to show you something about singing?" "Well, you showed it to Williams"—and so he went on, and I had to tell him. He saw the value of the idea at once and came several times from Boston to study it.

It would take too long and too much space here to try to explain the matter and I only speak of it in the way of putting it on record.

I finally did hear Sims Reeves at a concert in the Alexandria Palace but as he sang for the most part a *mezza voce*, and as the auditorium was an immense one, I heard very little of his voice till I begged permission of an attendant policeman to move nearer to the stage. Then I heard better. He sang Beethoven's "Adalaide" and an old English song, "Tom Bowling," all in fine style but little voice; yet I was pleased to be able to say that I had heard one of the most celebrated tenors of his century.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STORY OF AN HONORARY DEGREE

COLONEL WILLIAM GODDARD, whose name always carried distinction and dignity, Chancellor of Brown University, for many years President of the Arion Club and a proven friend of mine, said to me one evening at an Arion rehearsal, a function that he never missed when in town: "I wish that you would give me a copy of all your compositions that have been published." Knowing his interest in these, I had made it a rule to send him copies as I received them. I reminded him of this and he said: "Yes, yes, but be sure and see that I have them all."

In a day or so I sent him a bundle of songs and other compositions, wondering what he could want to do with them. I had well-nigh forgotten the circumstance, when at another rehearsal at which Colonel Goddard was present after having been for several weeks in Washington, I happened to think that maybe he had shown them to some one there and said to him: "Mr. Goddard, pray tell me what you did with those pieces of mine." He replied rather brusquely: "If you wait patiently, you'll know some day." This meant little to me, but I subsided.

Several weeks after our season of concerts had



COLONEL WILLIAM GODDARD
Chancellor of Brown University and
Second President of the Arion Club

closed, I received a note from him in which he said: "If you will read the report of the Brown Commencement exercises in the Providence Journal of this morning, you may learn why I wanted those compositions, which I have put to a good purpose." I procured a Journal, proceeded to read about the Commencement and had read a long way when I came upon the announcement that the University had conferred upon me the honorary degree of Doctor of Music! My first thought was one of gratitude to Mr. Goddard, for I knew that it was in some way through him that this had been done. My next thought was that I was unworthy of such a signal honor, and then I thought that as Brown University was not an institution of musical learning the degree to the outside world might seem of little significance, though I was none the less appreciative of the honor. I wrote immediately to Colonel Goddard saying that I felt it was all due to his interest and thoughtfulness for me, and thanking him as best I could. In a day or two he called at my studio.

"You think," said he, "that I had so much to do with this matter that I want you to know just what I did." Thereupon he took from his pocket a letter. "Here," said he, "is a letter that I wrote President Andrews about you and what you had done for music in this community. He then read me the letter, with which I was so pleased that I exclaimed: "Mr. Goddard, I think more of that letter than I do of the degree. Won't you let me have it?" "Oh, no," said he, beginning to tear it to pieces, "This is a copy of the original, which was a personal letter and so I'd better destroy it," (looking for the waste basket). "What did you want to do with it?" "I'd

like to send it to my mother." "It wouldn't do," he said, and tossed the fragments into the basket. In a few moments he took his leave. I looked at the basket with longing eyes, finally taking out the pieces one by one, putting them together and reading the letter for myself, which I could not have done had I not just heard it read. I made a copy and sent it to my mother, after which I returned the pieces to the waste basket.

My friends as well as myself were pleased at the mark of honor shown me by the University, though some of them tried to make themselves and me think it was a sort of a jest. For a few days I would get some such message over the phone as this: "Is this Doctor Jordan?" Of course I had to say yes, but always with a very modest tone of voice. "Then—please come as soon as you can to our house, the baby is sick!"

But this was for a week or two only. The general public seemed pleased and I was congratulated on all sides, but yet I was very loath to use the title until in the season following, when we had given a concert at which Ben Davies sang, Mr. Goddard after the concert gave a supper for him at the Goddard mansion on Brown Street. There was a large company present and after supper as I walked into the drawing room toward Mr. Goddard and Mr. Davies, who stood conversing together, I heard as I drew near: "Yes, but he doesn't value it"—this from Mr. Goddard. I knew to what he referred.

"Mr. Goddard," said I; "you shall never have cause to reproach me again on that score." Since then I have been careful to use the title "Mus. Doc." on every programme and in every advertisement of

our concerts. I still think myself unworthy to bear the title, though I appreciate the honor more and more as time flies on.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ADVANTAGE OF DAILY LESSONS

TEACHERS OF SINGING in America are in the great majority of cases severely handicapped by the fact that pupils rarely have but one lesson a week. This, for beginners, makes the process of voice placing and development so slow that an unusual fund of patience and perseverance on the part of both teacher and pupil is a necessity that too often proves to be beyond the pupil's willingness or power of endurance. But lately an oasis has appeared in this desert of endeavor: With three first-class voices, a soprano, a mezzo-soprano and a tenor, I am having the inestimable privilege of daily lessons.

The soprano voice is that of a young Italian girl, Mary Iacovino. When she first came to me she was a mill-hand, but with a voice of so many superior attributes and withal so talented that to teach her has become simply a matter of gentle leading. She has been studying, (July 1921), for about a year and a half, is but eighteen years old, is fast gaining an extensive repertoire in opera and is a mill hand no longer. She has already had distinguished success in several important concerts and is sure to become widely known. The following notice of a recent appearance is but one of the many complimentary no-

tices she has already won. After she had sung the title role in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," a concert version that was given by the Arion Club in Providence, May 17, 1921, the Providence Tribune said:

"Naturally the youthful soloist, Mary Iacovino, was the centre of interest in the opera and to those who had not previously heard her, her voice was a revelation in its purity, carrying power and freshness. Gifted, too, with the temperamental qualities of her race, she quite won the admiration and applause of the audience not alone by her unquestioned vocal gifts but her simple modesty and an entire absence of affectation."

The next case is that of a young married woman, Mrs. Danserau, gifted with a remarkably fine mezzo-soprano of great range and noble quality. Of moderate education only and of diffident manner, partly on that account, I presume, she was progressing but slowly until I made an arrangement whereby she could afford to come for a lesson every morning before going to her daily work. Since then, her improvement has been remarkable, the voice developing rapidly; her articulation of words especially, which at first was so defective that it was impossible to understand one of them, is fast becoming a model of beautiful distinctness. She is also learning to read music at sight, as must all my pupils before they receive my unqualified commendation, and the future is exceedingly promising for her.

Case No. 3 is that of a young man of twenty-one, the son of a former pupil of mine, Edward Lariviere, whose fine bass voice gained him a good livelihood on the Keith circuit in an operatic ensemble, till, in

an evil hour he accepted a position in New York to sing at a "movie" house where he was required to shout rather than sing. After two years of such usage his voice became a wreck and he returned to Providence to recuperate and to coax it back into its natural emission and control. During this time he fortunately was offered what proved to be a lucrative business position in North Dakota. His voice however had not recovered its tone at the time when his son Laurent, then about seventeen, beginning to sing imitated his father's voice as he heard him practice. This led to a wrong emission and the voice, instead of being led to a natural tenor as it should have been, was forced into something that his father and himself supposed to be a baritone. But when the family came to Providence I at once pronounced the voice to be a tenor, much to the astonishment of both father and son. I had for about three or four weeks at that time daily lessons with him, which lessons were then discontinued for various reasons. During these daily lessons the voice rapidly began to assume its rightful place but when the lessons ceased this improvement was lost till, resuming daily lessons a short time ago, in less than two weeks he was able to sing easily and well no less exacting a part than that of the tenor in Verdi's "Rigoletto" quartette. He sings without fatigue and with a fine display of natural talent that is as rare as it is inspiring to a teacher, and his future is as bright, in my opinion, as any young singer can possibly desire. In each of these cases with but one lesson a week it would have taken months and possibly years to acquire what was accomplished in a few weeks. What a saving then of time, strength and patience.



JULES JORDAN IN HIS BUTLER EXCHANGE STUDIO

CHAPTER XV

HOW I GIVE A SINGING LESSON

IF THE PUPIL is a beginner, I make a mental estimate of his physical fitness by observing his countenance and his carriage—that is, the way he carries himself. I then place him as directly in front of me as possible and explain, with many examples, the great importance of a correct position of the body and its bearing on tone production and control of the voice.

I then proceed with the position of the head, the use of the jaw and particularly the use of the tongue and the absolute necessity of its relaxation on the vowel sound of every syllable in its (the tongue's) vowel position. With the chin slightly lowered, a position inducing a correct position of the chest, which can little by little be elevated, I ask for a deep, natural inhalation of breath without dropping the chest or altering in any way the position. I then advise a taking hold, or setting, of the breath, exactly as though the person were about to lift something moderately heavy and with the mouth open (at first not too wide).

I show the pupil that the tone is best produced by what I liken to a gentle explosion or attack from a vitalized breath, that is with sufficient tension at the diaphragm, which should act in a perfectly natural

way. After the production is satisfactory, I proceed to mold the resultant tone, rounding it and bringing its resonance forward. If there is time, I then proceed to learn the state of the pupil's knowledge regarding the rudiments of notation, for I firmly believe that this sort of training should go hand in hand with the vocal exercises. It is often, much too often, partially or totally neglected—sometimes, I suspect, because teachers do not appreciate the necessity of such training or because they do not wish to take the trouble or perhaps for another and obvious reason.

I then preach patience, for in almost any community excepting the great musical centres such as New York and Boston, where pupils flock for instruction, the custom of having but one half-hour lesson a week prevails and it is unreasonable to expect thorough and rapid improvement in such an exacting art as singing under these conditions.

Then as the pupil progresses I always try to keep his mind applied to the first principles that I have so briefly sketched above. These will become, by practice, habits that will conduce to a full and free development of the tone. In female voices I find it oftentimes necessary to adjust the registers, the so-called chest, medium and head, always seeking to bring the upper register down, to lap over, so to speak, the next lower register. To do this it is necessary to sing the lower tones of the upper register softly as they approach the next lower register, when, if properly "rounded," they will develop and finally mix with the adjoining register so that it will be difficult for a listener's ear to detect the line of division.

With the male voice this necessity is not so imperative, although much care must be exercised in all voices to see that the lower tone quality is not forced beyond its legitimate place. Attention from first to last should be given to the breath management. Should the tone lose its connection with the breath, held at its root so to speak, (the diaphragm), the tone will not develop; it will get beyond control and become like a plant torn from its root.

I have found at a certain stage in the development of a voice, when it has become well seated with the tonal resonance well forward, that great benefit can be derived by inducing an undertone of resonance which instead of detracting from the forward resonance aids it, the two blending in a way that seems literally to fill every part of the chest and head, and in fact the entire body, with resonance and greatly facilitates the modulation of the voice, especially in a decrescendo. This I believe is one of the finishing touches that the teacher can give the voice that he has in hand and when the pupil has entered upon this stage they will both have reason to be happy, for the pupil will have it in his power to express every shade of meaning.

Happy, let me repeat, happy and warm-hearted, for a warm heart helps to make a warm tone and it is only by a warm tone that we can touch the hearts of our hearers. Let those cold and supercilious mortals sing as best they can with unsympathetic tone, if they must; they can never create that atmosphere of rest and comfort that are assured to even a less skillful singer with a warm heart.

CHAPTER XVI

TREATMENT OF THE FEMALE VOICE

TO ANY COMPETENT TEACHER what I am about to say on this subject will be thought unnecessary, but the danger is so great that I feel bound to add a note of warning and to cite two flagrant examples of the loss of voice which was caused by disregarding natural laws. The examples themselves will furnish the technical details.

At one time there came to me a young girl, accompanied by her mother, who applied for lessons. The young lady had little voice, scarcely any, but she had a great desire to sing and as her mother was a helpful pianist and her daughter quick and intelligent with a fine ear, we began. The mother came always to the lesson and what the girl did not comprehend, possibly the mother did. The process was necessarily slow at first but finally the improvement was so very pronounced that as a reward for her diligence and perseverance I took the girl into a choir that I had formed for training young singers, giving her the position of soprano soloist. This too was a slow beginning, but after a while she became of exceptional value, singing with great freedom and confidence so that in a year or so we put on for performance such works as Rossini's "Stabat Mater," this young lady singing the soprano part with great

brilliancy and effect. She began then to think that she had better change teachers, a fact reported to me by others of the choir, when I replied: "If she feels that way, perhaps she had better change;" and finally one summer she did begin lessons with a Mr. —, who had sung with us at the Arion concerts many times and had invariably been well received. He was a good artist and a good musician, but as the sequel will show not the best of teachers. I knew that the young lady had gone to him for instruction but it did not trouble me, for I felt and still feel that singers should suit themselves.

This happened, as I have said, during the summer vacation, when we had little or no solo singing in the choir. Consequently I had not heard her voice alone for two or three months when one day she called on me at my studio. "I want you to hear my voice," she said. "There's something the matter with it." She began to sing a scale. I found that she had pushed up the chest tones to the B natural, middle line, G clef, and was trying to make the next C with a chest tone.

"Why do you do that? That's what's the matter, you are forcing the chest tone far beyond its natural limit. Why do you do it?" I asked.

"Didn't you know that I am studying with — ?"
"Yes, I knew that; you should have told me, but I knew it. He doesn't tell you to do that, does he?"
"No, but"

It appeared as I questioned her that her teacher liked her lower tones very much and gave her some very low studies to practice, studies in which she would naturally use chest tones. These I suppose he praised for their strength and she proceeded to push

them up with never a word of warning or correction from him. She was always a diligent worker and had worked as hard to do this as though it had been the correct thing to do.

Her mother, who came with her, exclaimed, "There, I told you that was wrong, but you would not listen to me!" There was a tearful scene between mother and daughter, during which I took occasion to read the wilful young miss a lecture. She begged me to take her back, but I prescribed absolute rest for at least three months, as her vocal cords had become so inflamed that she could not make at all the natural medium tone which had been her chief glory.

She retained her place in the choir but I had to give the solo work to another singer, which was a bitter cross for her to bear, till finally, as she would persist in trying to sing in spite of my advice, I had to ask for her resignation. She afterward regained her voice, but never won back the superb confidence with which she had formerly sung.

The other case is of a young contralto—Miss D., we will call her. She had that abnormal sort of voice called by some a female tenor, which is the female voice pushing up its chest tones. This it was natural for her to do, and in her case the effect was quite unusual and remarkable, as she seemed to do it without special effort.

It was none the less dangerous, however, and on her coming to me for lessons I would dwell each time on this point. Of course as she had always sung in this way, the medium tone was not strong in the beginning, whereas the forced tone was like a trumpet. She began to improve, nevertheless, until one day she came in, saying that by the advice of a

certain Boston conductor who had told her mother that he thought it was better for a woman to study with a woman, her mother had decided to have her go to Boston for lessons. This was agreeable to me, but I warned her not to forget what I had told her about the abuse of her chest tones. Just before this I had procured a fine position for her in a fashionable church, where they made much of her when she used her "trumpet" tone.

I did not hear her sing after she began her studies in Boston. She had sung for perhaps a year in this church when its rector had a call to another city and, accepting, he took his organist and this young contralto with him. The organist's home was near Providence and he used to spend his vacation at home, often calling on me when in town. On one of these occasions I asked him about the contralto. "How is Miss— coming on with her singing?" "Oh," replied he. "She doesn't sing at all now; she seems to have lost her voice, and strange to say she blames me for it!"

"Blames you? How's that?" "Oh, she says that I made her sing too much, but she sang no more than the rest of the choir and I confess I do not understand it." "Well," said I, "I do. I told her that unless she changed her method of using her lower tones she would lose the entire voice." "And so she has," said he. "She had to give up her position and is now a trained nurse." These stories have their own moral and I leave the reader to find it out.

CHAPTER XVII

A SINGER'S SELF-DEVELOPMENT

THREE WAS BROUGHT TO ME at one time by his mother a young man, C. B. D. Mrs. D. wanted him taught to sing and because I had known the family I consented to begin lessons with him. The case was not at all promising. There was little voice apparent, so little that a listener would have thought that I felt the need of pupils greatly to have taken this one. He came perhaps six or more times, but I could not seem to interest him and finally told him that he need not come again. He was rather nettled at this but I insisted and he left in something of a dudgeon and I saw no more of him for about two years, I believe, when one day he appeared and asked if I would hear him sing. I was busy and said so. In another day or so he reappeared, when again I declined to hear him. Nothing daunted, he returned a third time, when I, being for the moment unoccupied and desiring to get rid of him, consented to listen.

He began and I was amazed at the improvement he had made. "I must congratulate you!" I said. "Wherever you are studying, there you should stay, for you did nothing at all with me." "I haven't studied anywhere," he replied. "When you sent me home that day I began to think over what you had

told me and to practice, and I find that I like it and I practice about all the time. Now will you take me back?" Of course I did, and he improved wonderfully. After a while he went to New York to study medicine, coming home about once each six months, I should say. Every time he called I found him improved so much that I naturally thought he was studying with some teacher there. "No," he would say, "I'm working it out by myself." And so he did, for he never had any lessons except of me, and these were so few and desultory that I cannot claim him as one of my products. He became so excellent a singer that my friend Campanari offered to introduce him to the Metropolitan Opera managers, advising him to apply to them for an engagement. This he did not do, but he sang at many important concerts and always with success.

He came into my studio one day in high spirits. "Listen," said he, "I sang in Salem last night, in Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul,' and I thought I had done unusually well and at the close of my last solo I took a high note not written in the score, to be sure, but effective and—well I just felt like doing it, and I got a good hand for it, too. But after the concert at the hotel I saw Carl Zerrahn, the conductor, and I stepped up to him expecting a compliment of some sort, which was not forthcoming. I said: 'Well, Mr. Zerrahn, were you not pleased with what I did?' He turned, gave me a look of contempt or perhaps pity, saying in his peculiarly rich but broken English: 'No, no, I did not like it at all, dat wass not Mendelssohn, it was Ta—viss, too much Ta—viss'!"

Well, I've told his name and I did not mean to.

But he won't mind and I doubt if this ever meets his eye.

Here is another memory of him. One day he came to me, saying: "Let me sing the tenor solo and recitative in 'Elijah'—'Ye people' and 'If with all your hearts,' and don't say anything till I am through." "All right," I said; "go ahead." Placing his derby hat away back on his head, he began as though possessed of the evil one, but on coming to the words "For he is slow to anger," he changed them to "But he is never angry," whereupon I cried out: "Stop! — what right have you to change those words?"

"He exclaimed: "I don't believe God is ever angry and I'll be d—d if I sing it that way!" "You're too wise for me," said I. "Good day, good day." Out he went, but in a day or two he appeared again, this time wanting to sing the beautiful solo in the Verdi "Requiem," "Ingemisco" which he sang as well as could be desired.

Having just spoken of Carl Zerrahn, I may add in this place another reference to that sterling musician.

Mr. A. C. Munroe, President of the Worcester County Musical Association for many years, during whose term of office the Worcester Music Festivals reached a high plane of excellence, was an assiduous attendant upon the Arion Club concerts in Providence, rarely missing one of them. Mr. Zerrahn was and had been for years the highly esteemed conductor of the Festivals and had shown many times his friendliness toward me when I had sung at the Festivals in Worcester and in other places. But Mr. Zerrahn had his own pupils whose interests he naturally felt bound to further and he

was not particularly pleased when Mr. Munroe engaged me to go to Worcester to conduct the rehearsals when Mr. Zerrahn had other engagements. Consequently at one time when I had been engaged to sing at the Festival in Gounod's "Redemption," I found upon my arrival for rehearsals that Mr. Zerrahn was very cool toward me. This, after several years of cordiality, I noticed, but Mr. Munroe begged me not to be troubled by it, explaining the reason.

At the rehearsal of the "Redemption" Mr. Zerrahn scarcely looked at me but after the performance, as I was leaving the stage, he bent over from his platform and said to me: "Mr. Jordan, that is the most artistic singing I have ever heard in Worcester!" "Dear old man," thought I. "Your heart's in the right place, after all!" A week or so after this, as I was walking along the street in Providence, a well-known German physician, Dr. William Von Gottschalk, stopped me exclaiming: "Do you know what Zerrahn says about you?" "I know what he said to me a short time ago; why?" He then repeated Zerrahn's remark almost word for word. I did not need this confirmation, for I knew Mr. Zerrahn was too sincere a man and musician to flatter anyone.

One morning a few days after the first "Redemption" performance in Boston, I happened into the music store of the Oliver Ditson Company, then on Washington Street, when one of the clerks coming to me said that Mr. Ditson wanted to speak with me. I went to the office, which was at the back of the store. Mr. Ditson, his face wearing a friendly smile, greeted me cordially, saying that he wished to tell

me how greatly he had enjoyed my singing in the "Redemption." He spoke kindly of the sympathetic quality of my voice and commended me highly for what he termed the excellence of my enunciation of the words and for the devotional quality of my entire performance. I can never forget his kindly manner toward me and shall always remember him thus, interested and benignant.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE RESTORATION OF A VOICE

SOON AFTER I began to study singing with Mr. Osgood in Boston, my improvement was so marked that several other Providence singers followed my example, going to the same teacher for instruction. One of these, Mr. H. E. Brown, a particular friend of mine, the possessor of an unusually fine tenor voice, came to me, saying: "I think that I had better study with you, as it takes too much of my time from business to go to Boston." He began lessons with me and was satisfied with the change, saying one day: "There is an old friend of mine, William Flint, with whom I have sung for years in church, at Masonic meetings and in various other places, who wants to come to you for lessons." "Flint—Flint? Why his voice is utterly gone, they tell me?" "That's true; he cannot sing at all and it's a pity too, for he loves to sing better than to do anything else and he's about broken-hearted because he cannot." "He's more than fifty years old, isn't he?" "Yes, I think that he's about fifty-five." "Well at that age and with his voice in that condition, I think the attempt would be useless. I can tell him wherein he has been wrong and what he should do, but I doubt the result very much."

Brown begged me to make the trial and I con-

sented. I had known Mr. Flint as a very earnest singer with unusual natural talent for interpretation, with a fine bass voice which was, however, badly produced. He came to me, and when I asked him to sing the attempt was really pitiful, his voice sounding much like a phonograph just as it "runs down." He could sustain a tone for about two seconds, after which it would tremblingly cease, always dropping from the pitch.

I told him that it seemed to me useless to try. He begged me to "see what I could do." We began, but he had been through so much discouragement and disappointment with various teachers that he wanted proof of everything that I said to him about his voice and singing, as Mr. Brown had warned me he would. I was patient with him, but it was several weeks before I could see any change whatsoever. Finally as he began to drop his old habits and to take on the new ones I was striving for, I detected a promising change. This encouraged him and he was more assiduous than ever, if that could be possible. He now began to improve very much and we began to sing pieces, new to him, for I knew that in the old pieces his old habits would appear. I gave him one of the bass arias in Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," which he sang so well at one lesson that I said: "Mr. Flint, if you sing that as well at the next lesson I will have you sing at our next Arion concert." "No," said he, "you don't mean that." "I certainly do." He sang at the concert, much to the astonishment and joy of his many friends. Indeed he was so successful that one prominent musician present at the concert exclaimed as he finished: "A miracle! A resurrection!" so

loudly that he was heard by many, some of whom told me of the circumstance.

Mr. Flint never lost an opportunity to show his gratitude to me. About two years after this I had a serious illness that necessitated a surgical operation for which I was taken to a hospital where, after several weeks of doubt and anxiety, I was pronounced out of danger and convalescent. Mr. Flint about that time was under a doctor's care for an incurable disease. He called on me at the hospital one afternoon. After a pleasant chat, and as he was taking his leave, he said: "Well, Jordan, you'll soon be out of this and I shall be glad but I—I have about two more weeks of outdoor life, the doctor tells me, and then I shall be confined to the house till the end comes—for me."

I tried to cheer him but he had stoically accepted his fate. He asked me to dine at his home as soon as I should be able. So, after I was well, a day was set and I went to fulfill the engagement. He had not been out of the house for a week or more and was failing fast.

"Come," said he after dinner, "Come, I want to sing." We went to the piano and he sang several songs as well as I had ever heard him sing, his wife in tears the while, sitting by. Finally he said: "Just one more and I'm done." He put before me, as I sat at the piano, to play his accompaniments, a copy of Dudley Buck's "Crossing the Bar," which he sang with great feeling, so that I was in tears, as was Mrs. Flint. He then closed the piano, saying, "That's all." The next time I was at his house was when I went to attend his funeral.

The Development of a Voice

Soon after Mr. Flint had begun to improve so remarkably there came to me for lessons a young man, Mr. Walter J. Towne. His family and that of the Flints were intimately acquainted, both families living in the large double house belonging to the Townes and both being musical. Mr. Flint was like the hero of an old poem I used to know:

“Upright and downright, scorning wrong,
He gave good weight and paid his way.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass
Instead of silver a coin of brass,
John shook his head and said with a frown,
‘Your coin is spurious, nail it down’.”

When Mr. Flint learned that Mr. Towne had begun lessons he came at once to me saying, “You’re conscientious, I know, and mean to do right, but you’ve made a mistake to take Walter Towne for a pupil. He hasn’t any voice, as you must know, and it’s wrong to give him any hope that he can sing.” Quite an indictment, was it not! “You are right and yet you are wrong,” said I. “Mr. Towne has a keen desire to sing, he has a fine ear, he has education and great intelligence, and I am sure that we can develop a voice for singing.” Mr. Flint had had his say and I mine, and so we were both satisfied.

Mr. Towne improved rapidly and steadily. I don’t remember how long it was before one day I received a letter from a prominent organist in town, Mr. Eben Kelly, of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church, the same who had exclaimed, “A miracle! A resurrection!” when he heard Flint sing at the Arion concert before referred to. He asked me if I had a

tenor who could take the position of soloist in his choir. I told him of Mr. Towne. I said: "He is not yet quite ready, but if you will take him on and help him as you can, he will make a valuable man for you." This he did. Mr. Towne's excellent tenor served him well in that choir.

Two Hopeless Cases

After more than fifty years experience in teaching singing I am glad to say that I have found but two cases that I consider were hopeless. One was that of a man with a fine tenor voice, that is to say a voice naturally high in pitch and of tenor quality; but he was absolutely devoid of ear.

I gave him a thorough trial and told him frankly that he never could hope to sing. When I would play or sing the scale, up or down, he would stay on the tone he happened to strike, (not the one I gave him), or, trying to change, would invariably get the wrong pitch. However he insisted that he wanted to keep on with me. I told him that it was my business to teach and that I would try though I knew it was hopeless. So I did my best, inventing exercises to fit his case.

Sometimes I would get a gleam of hope but the next moment it would vanish. Finally one day he exclaimed: "Well, Jordan, I think that you are right and I had better give it up." "That's a wise decision," said I. "But tell me, why did you insist when I said at the outset that it was hopeless?" "Why," said he, "my sister told me that I never could sing and I said, 'I'll be d—d but I will!'"

Strange to say, soon after this a similar case presented itself when a young man applied for lessons.

I declined even to undertake the task, saying that I had had several weeks of such an experience and that was enough to last the rest of my musical life.

CHAPTER XIX

A WELL-REMUNERATED SERVICE

MUCH HAS BEEN written and said about my forty years of unremunerated service as conductor of the Arion Club. Unremunerated indeed! Have I not had the love and loyalty, all these years, of a host of friends and co-workers? Have I not had the privilege of studying great works that otherwise I should have neglected and have I not had the joy and satisfaction of high aims, for the most part well attained in the performances of these masterpieces? Unremunerated indeed! It should be remembered, too, that there have been times of financial stress and had I bargained for a price for my services there would then have been no forty years of achievement to remember with pride.

I was offered, even urged to accept, a fee in the beginning of our career but I preferred that everything should go to make the concerts as excellent as possible. Yet at one time I was really forced to accept a sum of money with which to buy myself a present when in Europe and I did so—a little gold Cupid, playing upon pan-pipes and a fine pair of opera glasses.

At one time I was seriously ill in a hospital for several weeks. My room there was filled to overflowing, day by day, with flowers from many of my

devoted friends and the following Christmas these and others made me the handsome present of a purse of gold coin to the amount of \$750, and now at the close of forty years another purse of \$1650, presented with such an address as only President Faunce can make, has crowned the long term of my service. For all this I am indeed grateful beyond the power of words to express. The names of those who made me the Christmas present in 1906 were written on a parchment scroll as follows: "With Merry Christmas and in grateful recognition of years past from your friends,

"Susan C. Beane, Josephine Angier Binney, Isabelle Nichols Binney, Emma Carpenter Bullock, Mary T. Cady, H. N. Campbell, Mrs. Charles E. Carpenter, Edward F. Child, Mary Bradford Child, E. S. Clark, Emily A. Corliss, Maria L. Corliss, Minerva G. Curtis, Henry I. Cushman, Lucy D. Carpenter Cushman, Sarah L. Danielson, Alice Dorrance, Charles Z. Eddy, E. A. H. Gammell, William Goddard, George Harris, Jane Harris, Adelaide K. Hodgman, Caroline T. Howland, Laura Mason, Edith Nichols, Isabelle B. S. Nichols, Mabel A. Palmer Potter, Charles O. Read, Alice K. Sturges, Harold P. Waterman."

The donors of the purse presented me at the closing concert of the Arion Club on May 17, 1921, I copy from the list accompanying the gift:

"Contributors to fund for Dr. Jules Jordan to celebrate the completion of forty years as conductor of the Arion Club, Providence, May 17, 1921.

"Mrs. William Hodgman, Miss Hope Hodgman in memory of Mrs. B. B. Knight, Mrs. R. G. Hazard, Miss C. Hazard, Miss Ellen D. Sharpe, Mrs. Jesse

H. Metcalf, Mrs. G. G. King, Mrs. Z. Chafee, Mrs. N. T. Bacon, Miss C. Hazard in memory of F. R. Hazard, Miss Maria L. Corliss, C. O. Read, Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Starkweather, Mrs. E. A. Gammell, Mrs. Lucy D. Carpenter Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Carpenter, Mrs. H. F. Hinckley, Miss Mary B. Child, Mrs. H. A. Whitmarsh, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Chapin, Miss C. E. Ballou, Miss E. C. Lawton, Mrs. Alice K. Sturges, Mrs. C. Prescott Knight, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Mason, Mrs. Robert W. Burbank, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Campbell, Mrs. Isabelle N. Binney, Miss Edith Nichols, Jeffrey Davis."

Besides these who were ever ready to contribute toward any Arion Club deficits that occurred from time to time were L. M. Robinson, D. P. Moulton, William C. Baker, William Gammell, Charles R. Stark, L. C. Baldwin, Mrs. Daniel Beckwith, Mrs. Isaac Potter, John Shepard, Jr., George A. Jepherson, Miss Florence Bartlett, Mrs. Frank A. Sayles, Miss Marguerite L. Dwight, Mrs. Webster Knight, Miss Lyra Brown Nickerson, Henry C. Dexter, Dr. W. L. Chapman, Rev. J. R. Bourgeois, Bishop Matthew Harkins, James Parkinson, Mrs. Jane Brown Jones, Mrs. George S. Mathews, Oscar Swanson, James R. MacColl, Henry D. Sharpe, Mrs. Merwin White, John Kershaw, S. H. Tingley, William Estes, J. T. Cranshaw, Mrs. C. Prescott Knight, Horace F. Carpenter and others.

CHAPTER XX

ARION CLUB MEMBERS

THE "charter" members of the Arion Club, i. e. those who sang in the first concert, February 16, 1881, were as follows:

FIRST TENORS

Mr. Herbert E. Brown,
" W. Hunter Brown,
" William Blodget,

Mr. C. B. Davis,
Dr. A. E. Ham,

Mr. Frederic Gardner,
" J. U. Starkweather.

SECOND TENORS

Mr. Charles H. Buckley,
" George A. Barton,
" Robert W. Burbank,

Mr. J. C. W. Cole,
" W. Ward Fuller,
" Irving P. Irons,

Mr. A. E. Kimball,
" D. W. Kimball.

FIRST BASSES

Mr. R. C. Bourn,
" R. W. Bourne,
" T. P. Bogert,
" H. N. Campbell, Jr.,

Mr. R. B. Chapman,
Col. Elisha Dyer, Jr.,
Mr. Eugene W. Mason,
" Erford L. Martin,

Mr. J. Frank Porter,
" Charles O. Read,
" D. C. H. Tinkham.

SECOND BASSES

Mr. Johns H. Congdon,
" Edward P. Chapin,
" F. R. Chapman,
" Jeffrey Davis,
" Joseph P. Day,

Mr. William Goddard,
Rev. George Harris,
Mr. F. R. Hazard,
" Charles S. Hood,

Mr. J. William Rice,
" S. E. Tucker,
" J. M. Vose
" J. E. Williams

FIRST SOPRANOS

Mrs. G. E. C. Buffington,
" William Binney,
Miss E. Grace Carpenter
" Dora E. Curtis,
Mrs. H. N. Campbell, Jr.,
" R. H. I. Goddard,
" Grace Hiltz Gleason

Miss Alice M. Horton,
Mrs. Jeffrey Hazard,
" George Harris,
" Aide Hubbard,
" E. J. Kettlety,
" Lizzie B. Lapham,
Mrs. W. B. M. Miller,

Miss Susan McKay,
" Mary J. Muir,
" E. B. Okie,
" Hattie C. Richards,
" Mary D. Sharpe,
Mrs. George H. Adams.





ROBERT BONNER
First President of the
Arion Club



JOHNS H. CONGDON
Third President of the
Arion Club



HORACE F. CARPENTER
Sixth President of the
Arion Club



GEORGE A. JEPHERSON
Seventh President of the
Arion Club

SECOND SOPRANOS

Miss Emma C. Carpenter,	Miss Edna B. Hale,	Mrs. H. O. Sturges,
Mrs. Thomas A. Cobb,	" Mary Lawton,	" J. L. Wadsworth,
" R. B. Chapman,	" Ida G. Mumford,	Miss E. A. Walker,
Miss Elinor Dunn,	Mrs. H. G. Pitman,	Mrs. Joshua Wilbour.
	Miss Alida E. Sprague,	

FIRST ALTOS

Miss B. J. Ballou,	Mrs. W. R. Greene,	Mrs. Mary E. Rawson,
" E. J. Ballou,	Miss Addie M. Knight,	Miss Annie R. Rawson,
" Ada Byron Coombs,	Mrs. Benjamin Mason,	Mrs. Cora Bishop Stone.
" E. Louise Elliott,		

SECOND ALTOS

Miss Susan C. Beane,	Miss Lucy D. Carpenter,	Miss Caroline Hazard,
" Mary B. Childs,	Mrs. E. P. Chapin,	" M. Anna Taylor,
" Minnie G. Curtis,	Miss Carrie B. Howard,	" E. A. Taft.

Following is a list, as nearly complete as possible, of the succeeding members of the Arion Club during its career of forty years:

Men

Andrew, Alfred J.	Bassett, T. P.
Adams, T. M.	Bratesman, Fred
Anthony, C. R.	Beale, Robert W.
Arnold, C. T.	Brown, Samuel
Anthony, A. H.	Brown, Dr. J. Edmund
Appleton, E.	Briggs, H. J.
Ash, A. C.	Brown, A. C.
Anderson, J. A.	Basford, M. W.
Anthony, Frank J.	Boardman, S. H.
Armstrong, Harry	Blair, J. R.
Adams, K. E.	Butler, D. H.
Alexander, Joseph	Bowers, L. G.
Anderson, F. E.	Burton, William
Arthur, William	Bourne, Fred. N.
Barker, Ray S.	Beauchamp, Harry
Burrow, Charles I.	Ballou, Edward R.
Burrow, Albert E.	Ballou, F. D.
Barrus, Daniel A.	Bryant, G. O.
Braman, Charles E.	Brown, Ansel D.
Bixby, E. C.	Butler, D. H.

Baker, R. L.	Downes, J. E.
Barber, M. J.	Drake, John
Barber, C. H.	Dudley, G. W.
Boudreau, Roderick	Dinnui, Nicola
Brown, Harold A.	Dover, Geo. W.
Briggs, Benj. F.	Dixon, Geo. P.
Bixby, Merle	Disbrow, F. A.
Bourne, Robert	Easton, Frank B.
Ballou, Frederick D.	Evans, Wm. D.
Baker, Jesse T.	Eaton, R. T.
Brown, Anthony E.	Enos, J. S.
Briggs, J. C.	Estes, W. W.
Bouchard, Lloyd	Eaton, W. F.
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Chapman, Dr. W. Louis	Farrell, John
Cameron, J. E.	Fontes, Anthony E.
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Cady, William H.	Gardiner, Arthur
Colburn, G. B.	Gorman, Harry
Chadbourne, F. G.	Gillan, William
Cooper, Gerald	Greeley, John F.
Craig, R. G.	Gardner, E. E.
Calder, C. T.	Greeley, Frank B.
Daniels, Thomas H. R.	Greenhalgh, James
Darling, W. L.	Gardiner, Ray
Dart, W. C.	Green, G. M.
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Deffley, Frank	Hart, B. J.



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McKenna, I.
McCurdy, Gordon J.
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Nottage, Dr. H. P.
Nichols, G. P.
Nelson, Frederick T.
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O'Brien, R. P.
Osler, C. L.
Osler, H. F.
Ogden, James O.
O'Rourke, James
Pullen, C. J.
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Paine, Geo. H.
Phillips, Malcom
Paquin, Wilfred
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Rice, Herbert H.
Robinson, Henry H.
Rogers, William E.
Riley, D. V.
Riley, Eugene J.
Reed, C. Franklin
Reiss, L. H.
Read, Fred. A.
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Robinson, George W.
Robertson, Norman M.
Rogers, Elijah
Richards, C. H.
Roscoe, Edward
Richardson, John
Richardson, Edward
Rowse, William
Rogers, Walter E.
Rocha, Joseph
Rawson, Henry Grendall
Hammond
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Sharpe, Henry D.
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Sprague, E. L.
Seabury, Kirk
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Shawe, J. N.
Short, A. F.
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Thackeray, George
Towne, H. D.
Towne, Walter
Towne, E. C.
Tririte, E. C.
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Waterman, Henry A.	Wooley, Arthur H.
Whittemore, E. E.	Ward, W. G.
Woodward, Robert	Woodward, Samuel
White, F. H.	Worcester, Carleton
Weeden, J. V.	Walters, Harold J.
Wood, J. F.	Wilkinson, Herbert
Weeden, R. B.	Young, M. E.

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Anthony, Miss Jennie L.	Birch, Miss H. Alida
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Anderson, Mrs. C. P.	Bradford, Miss Louise
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Anderson, Mrs. J. J.	Bruce, Mrs. Fannie B.
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Bunce, Miss Caroline
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Brown, Miss Annie U.
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Barrows, Miss Harriett
Bishop, Miss Cora
Bishop, Miss Hattie
Brown, Miss Alice
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Cady, Mrs. Anna B.
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Cone, Miss Jessie
Cady, Mrs. John
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Connell, Mrs. Thomas
Collins, Miss Laura
Cooke, Miss H.
Carlson, Miss Esther
Colbert, Miss Rose
Coggeshall, Miss L. M.
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Dudman, Miss B. H.
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Duffy, Miss Marion
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Davis, Miss Grace B.
Dubois, Miss D. A. C.
Deady, Miss Julia
Demers, Miss Mary
Devenish, Miss Eustelle
Douglas, Miss Adeline
Donovan, Miss Nellie
Dunkerly, Miss Margaret
Dubois, Miss G. H. C.
Drown, Miss B. V.
DeGruchy, Miss Marian
Donahue, Miss Louise
Douglass, Miss Jessie M.
Davenport, Miss E. L.
Darling, Miss Alice W.
Danielson, Miss Alice
Dunford, Miss Bessie
Dunford, Miss Winnifred
Danforth, Miss C.
Dunham, Miss Mary E.
Danler, Miss M.
Davis, Miss Ruth
Davis, Miss Bertha
Everett, Miss Florence L.
Equi, Miss Clarinda T.
England, Mrs. Harriet D.
Enos, Miss Martha
Eddy, Mrs. R. H.
Everett, Mrs. Charles J.
Field, Miss A. W.
Fiske, Mrs. R. A.
Forrester, Miss M. S.
Freeman, Mrs. J. R.
Foster, Miss Louise
Frothingham, Miss Mary G.
Frates, Miss R. C.
Ferris, Miss Marion
Fenner, Mrs. Gertrude S.
Garr, Miss Annie M.
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Gorton, Miss Ada
Gorton, Miss Maude H.
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Mathewson, Miss Ethel
McKenna, Miss Agnes R.
Murphy, Miss Bessie
McCabe, Miss B. G.
Mason, Mrs. J. H.
Manchester, Mrs. Walter H.
Manchester, Miss Mary W.
Munyan, Mrs. J. A.
Mahoney, Miss Annie
Murphy, Miss M. E.
McPherson, Miss J. C.
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Pratt, Miss Mary V.
Peirce, Miss Louise F.
Pierce, Miss Etta M.
Preston, Miss Annie L.
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Perry, Miss E. D.
Peet, Mrs. F. I.
Perry, Mrs. George E.
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Pratt, Mrs. C. S.
Peckham, Mrs. Bertha L.
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Prentiss, Miss M. Alice
Pierce, Miss Lucy M.
Pettey, Miss L.
Pinkham, Miss May
Perry, Mrs. George S.
Packard, Miss M. W.
Parker, Miss Harriet
Patt, Mrs. E. M.
Pierce, Miss I. M.
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Prouty, Miss Sabina P.
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Pearson, Miss May
Parker, Miss Emily F.
Pratt, Miss Mary L.
Pryor, Mrs. John
Peterson, Miss Yetta C.
Perkins, Miss May
Perkins, Miss Lotta
Paull, Mrs. M. T.
Reed, Miss Elizabeth I.
Rawson, Miss Clara
Rawson, Mrs. M. E.
Rounds, Miss Eldora B.
Ripley, Miss C. E.
Rider, Miss Nellie A.
Reed, Miss Susanna
Read, Mrs. Harriet E.
Robinson, Mrs. Alice M.
Ralph, Mrs. Eliza J.
Rice, Mrs. H. H.
Ray, Mrs. E. M.
Remington, Mrs. Annie I.
Rice, Mrs. R. H.
Reed, Miss M. E.
Rice, Miss Esther
Reichardt, Miss C. Lena

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Rubbert, Miss J. H.
Riley, Miss Minnie A.
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Rounds, Mrs. L. W.
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Rovelto, Miss C. L.
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Riley, Miss M.
Raia, Miss Adelina
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Such, Miss Daisy M.
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Stansbury, Miss Matilda
Steere, Miss Lena W.
Smith, Mrs. H. S.
Smith, Miss Etta
Saywell, Miss N. B.
Stanley, Miss Lena M.
Slocum, Miss A. C.
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Sweet, Miss M. Allen
Slade, Mrs. W. F.
Scott, Miss S. J.
Stuart, Miss E. A.
Sherman, Miss Harriet
Seton, Miss L. A.
Sumner, Miss A. M.
Sherman, Miss S. L.
Short, Miss Mabel L.
Steere, Mrs. Warren
Smith, Mrs. G. H.
Sweet, Mrs. Ralph A.
Smith, Miss B. H.
Spring, Miss Hope
Scott, Miss Mary L.
Steere, Miss Bertha
Sanborn, Mrs. Sarah A.
Seal, Miss Beatrice H.
Sweet, Mrs. Lillian G.
Sprague, Mrs. N. B.
Sharpe, Miss Amy D.
Sharpe, Miss Louisa D.
Stone, Mrs. Clara Hicks
Smith, Miss Harriet
Smith, Miss Ada
Shippee, Mrs. Isaac
Swift, Mrs. H.
Stone, Miss H. B.
Spinney, Miss A. F.
Smith, Mrs. J. Bell
Scully, Miss Jessica A.
Smith, Miss Elsie
Smith, Miss Isabella
Slocum, Miss Grace Woods
Stanley, Miss Lena C.

Thackray, Mrs. George
Tracy, Miss Mattie L.
Tilley, Miss L. L.
Travers, Mrs. Marion W.
Taft, Miss Nellie
Tilley, Mrs. Charles E.
Thayer, Miss Gertrude L.
Tower, Mrs. M. H.
Tillinghast, Mrs. G. M.
Tappan, Miss P. A.
Thurlow, Miss Jennie M.
Tobey, Miss M. E.
Turner, Miss Grace A.
Thornton, Mrs. H. E.
Talbot, Mrs. Frederic
Taylor, Miss Estella
Vose, Mrs. A. G. E.
Van Slyke, Miss A. M.
Valleley, Miss J. V.
Van Benschoten, Miss H.
Vincenti, Miss Ida
Williams, Mrs. G. D.
Wilcox, Mrs. W. D.
Williams, Miss Nellie A.
Wayland, Miss A. H.
Woodward, Mrs. Robert
Worth, Miss Nellie
Waterhouse, Miss L. M.
Winterbottom, Miss C. E.
Wilbur, Miss Carrie M.
Whitman, Mrs. R. H.
Wilson, Miss Mabel R.
Whiting, Miss Florence C.
Walpole, Mrs. N. C.
Waterhouse, Mrs. E. G.
Watts, Miss Ethel M.
Walsh, Miss Mary G.
Wetherell, Miss Gertrude L.
Williams, Miss Harriet E.
Whipple, Miss A.
Williams, Miss M. L.
Wakham, Miss M.
Williams, Mrs. L. P.
Williams, Miss N. A.
Wheelwright, Miss H.
Wade, Mrs. Frank E.
Ward, Miss Alice L.
Waters, Miss Alice
Wales, Miss E. G.
Weed, Miss Helen
Weeks, Mrs. W. B.
White, Mrs. F. H.
White, Miss Rhoda C.
Wales, Miss Bertha
Wilbur, Miss Amey C.
Whitehead, Miss Clara
Walker, Miss Mildred
Wright, Mrs. Percy
Wilcox, Mrs. Evelyn
Wolff, Miss Ethel
Weldon, Miss Evelyn
Woodward, Miss L. D.
Wiesner, Miss C.
Young, Miss M. E.
Young, Mrs. R. A.
Young, Miss Florence E.
Ziesenitz, Miss Augusta

Filial affection was never more beautifully exemplified than by the custom of two sons of a deceased member of the Arion Club who for several years have sent a memorial of flowers at all the rehearsals of the club and now that the rehearsals and concerts have been discontinued the flowers are still sent to my house, every Monday evening, which was always the club's rehearsal night. I receive them in the name of the club and I always feel that I would like to lay them alongside the noble list of singers whose names adorn these pages, for I know that such a disposition of them would satisfy the donors as no other would do as well.

CHAPTER XXI

ARION REHEARSALS

FOR THE MOST PART the many rehearsals of the Arion Club during its forty years of concert giving have been a source of keen enjoyment, even though occasionally matters arose that necessitated a strict enforcement of the leader's rights. It used to be for me a wearing experience when I felt, as was often the case if a new and difficult work was taken up for study, that some of the chorus did not like or appreciate it, as I knew they all would when the piece was learned. Sometimes they were thoughtless enough to venture an opinion that would of course reach my ear, when my patience would be sorely tried and I often felt like taking the work away from them. Usually, I would give my opinion of their shortsightedness when their enthusiasm was at its height just before a concert, for I thought that was the time to bring home to them the idea that more patience would have made it easier for everybody and been much more to the credit of their musical judgment. But these occasions were on the whole rare and the rehearsals for the most part were happy and sociable, with now and then a ludicrously funny incident.

For instance, the following joke I played on myself was much appreciated, I know. A pupil of mine,

Dr. C. B. Davis, an excellent tenor, became very early almost completely bald. However he procured a toupe that he wore with a jaunty air. My own hair had begun to fall, a fact that he was quick to observe and just as ready to advise me about. "Get a toupe like mine," he would say time and time again, and I finally was persuaded. I too wore mine with a jaunty air and the first time that I displayed it at a rehearsal there was such a look of bewilderment from many in the chorus that I was greatly amused. Finally one of the basses, E. S. Clark, always ready for a joke, had, to judge from the look on his face, solved the mystery and communicated his conclusions to some of his friends who thereupon exchanged amused glances. I thought it was about time to have the chorus settle down to work, as I felt they would not with such a momentous question in their minds, so, after several repetitions of a passage I pretended to be well nigh out of patience, exclaiming: "We'll try that just once more and do be careful or I shall feel like tearing my hair!" Immediately the matter was understood, as the hilarity that followed proved, and the rehearsal went on from that point with everyone in high spirits.

It has been suggested to me that the places of the Arion Club's rehearsals and concerts be recorded. They were as follows: Rehearsals, first at Grace Church Chapel, then at the Keith's Theatre Rehearsal Halls, at Blackstone Hall on Washington Street, the old Y. M. C. A. Hall at Westminster and Jackson Streets, and the lower auditorium of the Mathewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, where we were rehearsing when the Great War came upon us all. We then voted to suspend rehear-

sals and concerts till the war was over. But so many came to me begging me to continue at least the rehearsals that I told them if they cared to meet in my large studio in Butler Exchange we could still hold together.

This they did until the studio proved too small to accommodate them all, when by the kindness of the Republican Club of Providence we were allowed the use of its fine rooms in Butler Exchange for two years, when by the courtesy of the Police Commissioners of Providence and with the consent of Mayor Joseph H. Gainer and Judges Raymond and Remington, we were given the use of the handsome municipal court room on Fountain Street, where we were the recipients of much friendliness. It was for a long time a joke, however, that the Arion Club had at last been brought to court.

Our first concert was given in the old Amateur Dramatic Hall on South Main Street. Then we staged one or two in the old Music Hall on Westminster Street, after which all our concerts excepting a few arranged during the war for patriotic benefits were given in Infantry Hall. We gave several concerts on Sunday evenings in the Strand Theatre and one in Fay's Theatre, and once a week-day concert in Memorial Hall on Benefit Street.

CHAPTER XXII

A FAMOUS SINGING TEACHER

THREE ARE THOSE who consider that Giovanni Sbriglia, who taught singing for many years in Paris, was one of the great authorities on voice placement and development, and there are others who deny him this distinction. I knew and studied with Sbriglia faithfully and to much profit. He had to his credit a long list of distinguished pupils, among them the famous Jean DeReske, who had sung in opera for several years as a baritone and afterward, acting on the advice given him by Sbriglia, became a world-renowned tenor.

Sbriglia was but an indifferent musician, however, and he owed his fame chiefly to his one specialty (voice placing). He was of medium stature but quite upstanding and alert, with a keen eye, a keener ear and an insistence and patience untiring. I was with him for a lesson every day during the spring and summer of 1886. He was much interested in and for me and I accompanied him sometimes on Sundays on his trips to the country. On one of these occasions I took the opportunity to ask him from whom he derived his ideas of voice development.

He told me that when a young man he was singing in the opera in Italy, at the time the famous Rubini

was just about closing his wonderful career, and that Rubini, noticing that he (Sbriglia) was having much trouble with his voice, advised him about it, giving him private instruction and saving his voice. If this was true, as I have no doubt it was, he came honestly by his training and knowledge, acquiring them from the very highest authority, if we can believe tradition.

In my companionship with Sbriglia he told me of an American singer long resident in France with whom he had formerly sung in opera. This singer was Henry Squire, who at the time I was studying, lived in Etretat, the summer rendezvous of many a distinguished artist. Sbriglia had told Mr. Squire of me and he had expressed a desire to meet me, inviting me, through Sbriglia, to visit him at Etretat. When Sbriglia told me this I remembered the name, because when I first began to sing in Grace Church in Providence, we often sang a quartette written by George William Warren of New York, so long the organist at St. Thomas's Church. This quartette was dedicated to this same singer, Henry Squire, who it seems was the tenor of a church choir in Albany, New York, where Mr. Warren was stationed at the time he wrote the quartette, "Come, Holy Spirit." It was a favorite piece with me, as it began with a graceful and melodious tenor solo, and I used to think that I would have liked to hear Mr. Squire sing it. Therefore it was wonderful to me that, after so many years, I should meet him in France. I accepted the invitation, going to Etretat by diligence from Havre, and having a most enjoyable experience of a long journey through the open country.

I found the Squires pleasantly domiciled and was cordially welcomed and entertained. He was immensely pleased at what I told him about the Warren quartette, as was Mrs. Squire. She, too, had been an opera singer and I remember that she was not at all reconciled to the thought that they had grown old, but he was more philosophical and cheerfully showed me many points of great interest to me, taking me one day to a famous French inn, a place almost, one may say, kept sacred for the entertainment of the great artists who in the summer season throng the seashore at Etretat.

On the way to the inn he pointed out to me the little villa of the prima donna who created the part of Alice in Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo." We had a glorious dinner at the inn and when Squire introduced me to the proprietor, telling him that I had created the part of "Faust" in that great Frenchman Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," the inn-keeper brought forth an immense book in which were the autographs of French celebrities, singers, painters, etc., and insisted that I write my name in it. I demurred, disclaiming any right to be included in such company, but in vain. So there my name may still be seen, I presume, a source of wonderment possibly as to why an American should be found among the French immortals.

CHAPTER XXIII

"RIP VAN WINKLE"

AFTER HAVING WRITTEN many songs, anthems and several short cantatas, I had a desire to write something on a larger scale and tried at various times to find some one who would furnish me with a libretto for an opera, finally concluding that I should have to furnish one for myself. I wanted an American subject, naturally, and Washington Irving's poetic legend of Rip Van Winkle appealed to me so strongly that I forthwith began to plan scenes for it and to write the music.

I was occupied with this during my spare time for a year or so and finally completed it. I wrote it in piano score at first, but with the orchestral effects so strongly in mind that when I began to score it for orchestra, as I did at once during a summer's vacation, I found it an easy matter and at the close of my vacation that too was finished, 600 and more pages of orchestral score! I then began negotiations with the manager of the Bostonians for a production by that popular company. These plans were successful and I commenced to rehearse a select chorus in Providence, which was to combine with that of the Bostonians, together with all their principals, for a production (a week's engagement) at the Providence Opera House.

There was naturally, I may say, a great interest in this production, which resulted in receipts amounting to more than \$4000 for the six performances—in those days considered remarkable business. By the terms of the contract, the Bostonians had an option on the opera from the time of the first performances, which were in May, 1897, to the following November. The performances were in the main excellent and the success of the opera with the public was tremendous. Alice Nielsen as Minna, Rip's daughter, was ideal and charming. Jessie Bartlett Davis, in the double role of Katrina, Rip's wife, and Morgana, the fairy queen, was excellent beyond compare. Mr. McDonald did well with the part of Hendrick Hudson, William Philp as Granier was an acceptable tenor and the minor parts, led by Iola Dodge as little Gretchen and George W. Dover as Vedder, were all capitally taken by local performers.

But—Mr. Barnabee, fine as he was in many other parts, was totally inadequate to that of Rip Van Winkle. After the first act at the first performance, I ventured to expostulate with him about his appearance, his acting and his singing. He did not look the part nor did he act it, and his voice proved to be unequal to the music. He realized his shortcomings, for he said to me: "Jordan, I'd give ten years of my life if I could play that part as it ought to be played." He was of course taken back by what I felt obliged to say to him, and Eugene Cowles, who had understudied the part, played the second and two subsequent performances. He was very successful and immediately began to plan, as I suppose, to star in the opera for, before the week

was out, a relative of his, resident in Providence, in an interview with me said: "We want to buy it for Eugene," and I saw at the time many lithographs of Mr. Cowles in the part. But—the Bostonians held to their option, although I begged them to give it up. "For," said I, to both Barnabee and McDonald, "you realize that it is unsuited to you and you cannot intend to play it in your repertoire." I followed them up almost weekly, begging for a release, but was put off and off till finally as November first drew near I began to hope I should have the opera in my sole right once more but at the very last hour of the last day they wired me from Washington that they should exercise their option and play it in San Francisco!

I felt then that the work was doomed for, by that time, they knew what was in the mind of Mr. Cowles respecting it and as he was one of their best drawing cards they did not want to lose him. The San Francisco performance fell flat, as I presume was their intention, and as I had foreseen. What they did to bring this about I can only surmise, but these are the facts in the case and I speak of them at this late day only to explain to my friends the "why," as even now I often hear: "Are we never to have Rip again?"

A few years after I put it on once more at the Providence Opera House with that sterling actor, William Wolff, then of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. Mr. Wolff proved to be my ideal in the part of Rip, investing it with every attribute necessary to a complete realization of its possibilities, and even with the other parts less satisfactorily filled, we gave some excellent performances.

One incident that may go to prove the universal interest that prevailed at the time of the Bostonians' production may be here recorded. A gentleman of my acquaintance, a member of Grace Church, was so incensed at my resignation from the position I had held so long in the choir there, that he seemed never ready to forgive me and used to say to another friend of mine that I was not missed and that the choir went on as well as ever. Why not? I had left the choir just as I had trained it and with the same organist that had at first sung under me and then succeeded Mr. Stanley, who had resigned a few months before I did. However, after the first "Rip" performances, my friend met this unreasonable person on the street, when he was hailed with: "Have you heard Jordan's opera?" "Of course. Have you?" "Yes, oh yes. My wife and I went the first night so as to be present at a fizzle, but it was beautiful and we have been four times to hear it!"

A year or two after these first performances, I received a letter from Mr. D. R. Gebhardt, then of Kirksville, Mo., saying that a copy of "Rip" had fallen under his observation and that as he had been producing operas in his school there for several years he wished to inquire the terms for a production of my work. I furnished him the information he required, but heard no more from him for three or four years, when he wrote again that he had had the opera by him all the time and that it had grown with him and he felt he must give it a production. I tried in many ways to discourage him, for I knew it was too difficult for young amateurs such as I supposed his school to be comprised of,

but he insisted and paid my fee in advance, so I had nothing to do but send him the material.

This was in the early autumn. I heard nothing from him all that season till the next February, when he wrote me that their production had created great satisfaction; more so than any opera they had given in years and he enumerated a list of many of the most popular that he had produced there. He expressed wonderment repeatedly that I did not push it, not realizing, perhaps, that to press a work of that kind one should be more in the centre of things musical than I was in Providence. But the work is now in the hands of an expert in such matters in New York and I still have hope of an adequate metropolitan performance some day. I may add that another recently completed opera, "Nisida," in three acts, is ready for production.

CHAPTER XXIV

GOLDEN MOMENTS

I CAN NEVER FORGET the exquisite pleasure that I experienced at the time I first heard Christine Nilsson sing, during her first American tour in the year 1870 or thereabout. I had just settled in Providence and this was my first concert. It was given in Harrington's Opera House, which was on the site of the present City Hall. She had associated with her a fine company, of which Annie Louise Cary was a prominent member. The programme had proceeded successfully as far as to the point when Nilsson would appear. She had been heralded as a phenomenon and expectation was rife. Finally she came on the stage, was cordially greeted and after the applause had subsided began to sing, "Angels ever bright and fair." She commenced the air at once, without the introductory Recitative.

It was to me something divine. Her voice had an indescribably lovely quality and when she began, with "An——gels"—prolonging the first syllable with a beautiful crescendo, and diminishing for the last syllable, there was a sigh of delight on every side. The aria proceeded with ever increasing beauty to its close, when for a half minute there was complete silence as she waited for the afterlude to finish and then came such a burst of applause as I venture

to say had never before been heard in Harrington's Opera House. Miss Cary too had an almost equal success, but the one thing that I remember best is Nilsson's singing of this gem. I have heard it and taught it many times since, and I never see the piece or think of it without the picture of this great singer, as she was then, coming to my mind. I heard her several years later at Her Majesty's Theatre in London in Boito's "Mefistofele" but I did not enjoy her singing then, for her voice had lost the wonderful quality it had when I first heard her, because she had forced her chest tones beyond the natural limit of that register.

Another such moment was vouchsafed me one night in the Boston Theatre when Clara Louise Kellogg appeared in Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon." Miss Kellogg on this occasion sang the part of Filina. She had had a great success all the evening, and had dressed for the street, but was waiting in one of the wings, where she had to sing a strain of the "Polonaise" while Mignon, on the stage, listens; the voice of Filina, her rival, driving her distracted.

I happened to be standing by the side of Kellogg as she began to sing. Her wonderfully brilliant voice was never in better condition as she started the chromatic trill with which the "Polonaise" closes. I was both amazed and electrified when after a long trill on the high A she took the sustained B flat above and I could hear the immense crystal chandelier suspended from the dome of the theatre ring back the tone as an echo while the house literally sprang to its feet and I felt that I had heard and witnessed something that would never be repeated for me.

When in London during the opera season I always felt it a duty to myself to hear as many operas and great singers as possible and I remember going once to Covent Garden Theatre for a performance of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." I had heard so many operas that I had become almost tired of them. I have found that too much fine music is like too many fine dinners—not good for the musical digestion; but I did enjoy this opera and the singers, among whom was the great Spanish tenor, Gayarre. When it came time for the grand duo between Valentine and Raoul and I heard him take the high C flat at the words "Dammi pur ancor" I was delighted with the sureness of his attack and the purity of tone which he sustained and developed to such consummate beauty that the whole immense audience rose, while "Bravo! bravo!" rang out from all parts of the house. This was in truth a golden moment for me that lingers in my memory.

Then too, if I may speak of my own modest performances at this point, I remember how much I used to enjoy singing songs like Rubinstein's "Just as a Lark Trills" and his "Golden Rolls Beneath Me," Schumann's "Frulingsnacht," Schubert's many beautiful songs, Denza's "Star of my Heart" (which was dedicated to me) and others with which I achieved especial success. The happiness I then experienced is beyond the power of words to express.

The introduction of Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" was always grateful to my musical sense and to my voice, as was also the obligato solo in the Easter hymn, "What Music." Indeed the latter used to transport me, and it was the inspiration and dramatic possibilities inherent in this great work that

furnished me with a buoyancy that made it possible for me to surmount its difficulties.

In this connection the following incident may be found worth recording. At the time of the New York performance of "La Damnation de Faust," a reception was held in the Steinway Hall building, for the conductor, Dr. Damrosch, and the artists. Among the many musical people whom we met there was Otto Floersheim, who had just founded the Musical Courier. He was a stout florid German and I remember that during the evening in conversation with me he said: "I like your singing, some of it very much and some of it not at all; but the way in which you manage that high B natural in the duo is as fine as can be. Why, Campanini himself could not do it better!" This surprised me, for although I never failed to produce the tone, still I always felt that it was a sort of makeshift, an opinion however that seemed to be mine alone.

Yet the crowning moments of my musical life were those when having prepared thoroughly for a performance of, say, "Elijah," "The Messiah," or "The Creation," with chorus orchestra and organ, the combination of all these at the culminating points in the performance would thrill my whole being. These works I have conducted many times and sometimes I have thought that the cold analysis of rehearsals would finally exhaust, for me, the thrilling power of some of the choruses. Yet when it came to the performance of "The Heavens are Telling" or the "Hallelujah Chorus," or to the mighty burst of sound after the wonderful crescendo at the close of the overture to "Elijah," leading directly to "Help, Lord," three times repeated, "wilt Thou

quite destroy us?" I have invariably felt my pulses quicken with a joy unknown, I really believe, to all excepting those similarly privileged to minister at the altar of music on such occasions.

Like gold impervious to decay,
Such mem'ries ne'er will fade away.

CHAPTER XXV

MUSICAL CELEBRITIES I HAVE MET

AS I glance over the preceding chapters I find that I have failed to mention in any one of them the name of Giuseppe Campanari. He was one of the most congenial of my friends, a fine artist with a voice that will not soon be forgotten, his long continued successes at the Metropolitan Opera in New York all going to attest this opinion. He paid me a week's visit one summer at my farm in Willimantic, where without ceremony we enjoyed ourselves. He told me what a struggle he had to get a start as a singer, saying that when he first tried at some concert in Boston soon after he arrived in the country his mode of dress was so strange and his manner so unusual that some in the audience laughed at him even before he had begun to sing. This disconcerted him and his success was not great. He would not try again for months, but meanwhile he applied for membership in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as he could play, as he told me, the violoncello "a very leetle," so little that he was surprised when he was accepted. After a while some one discovered that he could sing well and prevailed upon him to appear at one of the "pops." Here he made so substantial a success that he began to be in demand for concerts. Hearing of him and



To my best friend and
Great Conductor
Jules Gounod
his truly friend
G. Campanari

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI

wanting a baritone for Barnby's "King All Glorious," which we gave in a programme of famous anthems, I sent word to his manager in Boston to engage him and to send him a copy of the work.

Campanari was on hand for the rehearsal. At that time he could speak only a few words in English. We began the anthem. When it came to the baritone solo I looked at Campanari, who returned my signal with a glance that plainly said, "What do you want?" His manager had sent him another anthem of Barnby's, "The Lord is King," which Campanari handed up to me. Poor fellow! This was his first concert outside Boston and what was he to do? I gave him a copy of the right anthem and he appeared in the evening letter perfect.

I had some excellent horses at the farm, one of these, Ben, a handsome colt, gentle as a Newfoundland dog but full of life, was greatly admired by Campanari. One morning Ben was hitched up and we were to take a ride over to Willimantic. Ben was, as usual, gay and, as we rode along, he saw, even before I did, some white paper, pieces of a letter that had been torn up and scattered in the road. Ben began to dance.

"I say, Jordan," exclaimed Campanari, "Le' me get out." Another nudge. "Le' me get out." "Sit still, sit still, he's only playing." By that time we had reached the paper, which Ben danced over. Campanari was quiet for a moment or so, then, "I say, Jordan, I like a horse like that—I like heem very much; some day I buy a horse, at same time I buy a revolver, I go ride, I place revolver so—beside me. The horse he begin dance, I take the revolver so—bing!"

Among the friends who visited me at the farm

were many good singers. My mother, who was very deaf, would often have a wistful look when she knew that they were singing, but she could hear little of it. One day during Campanari's visit she said to me, "Julius, that man's voice must be different, for I can hear him much better than the others." This I told to Campanari. He was delighted. "I sing for her," he said. "I sing all she like!" Mother was brought and seated near the piano. Campanari sat close to her, I played and Campanari sang as I never heard him before, while Mother sat with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Dear fellow, he never forgot the circumstance, I think, for whenever I saw him he would speak of it.

At one time when we gave "The Damnation of Faust" in Providence we engaged Campanari for the part of Mephisto. He sang it beautifully but as there is little opportunity for applause he was greatly disappointed when at the close of his principal solo there was a respectful silence. Campanari looked at me curiously as I proceeded with the performance. Afterward he said, as we were going to the hotel, "They told me that Providence audiences were very intelligent and I have found they are too d—intelligent for me!"

William Ludwig was very successful as an operatic and oratorio singer. At the same time he was an authority on Irish folk songs and sang these inimitably. He was himself an Irishman, whose original name was Ledwidge, but as the public insisted on rendering this as Ludwig, he finally adopted the latter version. He was rather unwise, though, in giving so many Irish concerts as he did, for he rarely made enough to pay the expenses of these, for which at one time he brought singers, all excellent, from

Ireland, I believe. I used to argue with him about it, but to no avail. He came to my house one Sunday from Boston, where he had been giving his Irish presentations. "Come," said he, "come with me to Fall River, I have a concert there to-night." "An Irish concert?" "Yes, but you won't mind that, will you?"

I went with him and was given a seat in one of the stage boxes. Into the same box were soon after ushered the mayor of the city and a prominent local Irish physician, to both of whom I was introduced. After Ludwig's first song a highly amusing conversation or rather dispute between these two arose. Indeed so heated grew the controversy that I feared for the public peace, but the concert closed without bloodshed and Ludwig was immensely amused when I related parts of the argument. "But come," said he. "I'm hungry, let's find something to eat." At that time every thing in the line of a restaurant was closed tight on Sunday, but we finally discovered a sort of bar where we found some sandwiches and possibly some beer (though I am not so sure about this), when I observed a beetle-browed individual sitting near who eyed Ludwig with considerable curiosity, finally calling out with an unusually rich brogue, "They say ye're from Dublin." "Oh, yes," grumbly assented Ludwig as he hungrily munched his sandwich. "Lave it there, thin," extending a brawny hand. After a moment or so came another question. "D'ye know the Coombe?" "Oh yes, I know the Coombe." "Lave it there, thin." Another interval. "An' d'ye know the Pottle," "Yes, yes, I know the Pottle." "Lave it there, thin." I looked closely at the questioner, whose hair had been shaved so closely that the scalp looked blue.

Said I quietly, "My friend who cut your hair?" Like a shot Ludwig wheeled around, evidently expecting to see me felled to the floor but instead came a meek response, "The barrber, av coarse," but he did not offer me his hand.

Ludwig used to tell of this to his other friends when I was present, calling it "the encounter between his Puritan friend and one of his countrymen." He was a jovial companion as well as a fine singer and a great favorite with his audiences and with all whom he knew.

The last time that I saw Madame Nordica was when she came to sing in a concert for the Arion Club in a miscellaneous programme in which she appeared in her best part, that of the soprano in Rossini's "Stabat Mater." I say best, meaning that her voice found its best opportunity in this work. She also sang in Gounod's "Gallia." I had written a song for her too, an "Ave Maria." I met her at the train and escorted her to the hotel. As we left the station she began to speak of the "Ave," saying, "My sister cries when she hears me sing it. I like it and want to sing it to your satisfaction."

"Shall I go to the hotel to try it with you," I asked, "or will you come to my studio, which is close by?" We went to the studio and she sang the song perfectly. Yet she insisted on repetition after repetition. "I want to satisfy you in every particular, for I'm afraid of you!" "Yes," said I, "I should think you'd be afraid of me." "Well, I am," and she would march up and down by the piano, dodging each time a low-hanging electric light fixture which threatened her high hat. She was all unconscious of this, so interested was she in "satisfying" poor me. She

had a brilliant success and I wrote the following about her only a few months later:

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

Filled with a sense of well nigh personal bereavement at the untimely death of Madame Nordica, may I be allowed the privilege of space to pay for myself and for the members of the Arion Club with whom Madame Nordica has been many times most happily associated a tribute of respect and admiration for her memory.

I first met Madame Nordica in Paris in the summer of 1882. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, a helpful and firm friend of mine, was also in Paris and, always ready to promote good fellowship among musical people, introduced me to Madame Nordica. Both had been studying with the famous Maestro Sbriglia and, at their suggestion, I too became one of his pupils.

Returning to Paris the following summer for further study I found Madame Nordica preparing for her debut at the Grand Opera. I was present on that occasion, accompanying Sbriglia, who had invited me to go with him. The opera was "Faust," and in the part of Margarita, Madame Nordica made a pronounced success, although at that time she had not come to the full measure of her artistry.

Some months after this she returned to America and began a series of successful concerts, the first of which was given at Portland, Me. Madame Nordica paid me at that time the honor of selecting me as the tenor of her company. She sang with the Arion Club first in Rossini's "Stabat Mater," a work in which she had no peer. Later she appeared with the club in Verdi's "Requiem," "Lohengrin," in two miscellaneous concerts, singing in one

"Barbara Frietchie" and in another "Gallia"; and once more in "Stabat Mater" and "Gallia" only three short years ago.

Her glorious voice, her statuesque beauty and her wondrous personal charm were ever a constant delight. Those who were present at her last appearance here can never forget, I am sure, the gracious and kindly manner with which she distributed roses from a large bouquet that had been handed up to her, among the ladies of the chorus, while she waited for her accompanist to bring a song from the ante-room.

This was the last sight of her that we had or alas! ever shall have. Had she only been content to enjoy the life of repose that she had so richly earned we should not now be mourning her loss. Her name and fame will endure for years and the story of her career ever be an inspiration, an example and a guide.

At one time in Paris when I called upon Mme. Nordica, who was living that summer in the house of a Mr. Spalding, the Paris agent of the Tiffany house, jewelers, of New York, Mr. Spalding was on his vacation in Switzerland and Mme. Nordica was preparing for her debut at the Paris Grand Opera. She said, after hearing me sing "Ecco Ridente" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere:" "You ought to sing that for the manager of the Grand Opera. Come, I'll give you a letter to him and if you take my advice you'll go with it to him." But I declined. Then said she: "Do me a favor." "Certainly, what is it?" "A friend of mine, Mr. Scovelli, an American with whom I have sung opera in Italy, is here in Paris and I have

been trying to persuade him to go for lessons to Sbriglia, for I know that Sbriglia would help him. He won't go, for he is afraid that Sbriglia might harm his voice; however I believe that if Scovelli could hear you sing, he would forget his fears and go. Will you do it?" "Of course I will." An appointment was made and I sang for Scovelli. At first he would not believe that I was an American, saying: "I never heard an American sing like that and especially in Italian." I assured him that I was a real "Yankee," and I believe he was convinced. At any rate Mme. Nordica told me afterward that he went to Sbriglia.

In this connection let me relate another incident. At one of my lessons with Sbriglia he had callers, and excusing himself left the room for a few moments, during which I went on singing with Mme. Sbriglia, who played his accompaniments. On his return I observed that he was smiling. Said I "What is it? Why are you laughing?" "Oh, my friends heard you singing and when I told them that you were an American they would not believe me. They said that no American can sing Italian like that." I think that they had heard few Americans, for there were even then those of us who sang Italian perfectly and now one can count them by thousands.

CHAPTER XXVI

MORE CELEBRITIES

THE FIRST really great singer whose acquaintance I made was Clara Louise Kellogg, the first American prima donna. This happy event was brought about through the kindly offices of Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Martin of Providence, whose lovely home had been for years a haven of rest for Miss Kellogg whenever she came with her company to Providence; and it was in this home that I was invited to meet her, when she was at once so gracious and kind as to ask me to dine with her that very day. The friendship thus begun continued without cloud or break as long as she lived. We—the Martins and I—were of her company on a pleasure trip to Europe in the early eighties and while we were in London Miss Kellogg left nothing undone that could minister to my happiness, ever taking special pains to introduce me to notable people with whom she was a favorite by reason of her fame, her beauty and her brilliancy in society. While on that trip and during our few weeks stay in Paris, she introduced me to Mme. Lillian Nordica and here began another friendship the musical influence of which was far reaching. We formed a trio of comradeship and together went to concerts and visited interesting places and persons. I distinctly remember on one July 14th, the great fete day of France, we went to the Bois de

Boulogne for dinner, where we had a glorious time that lengthened till after the hour when the fiacres and other means of transit were ordered from the streets in order to give the populace the fullest freedom for their celebration. Consequently we were obliged to walk the entire distance back to Paris. But the novelty of it all, and the good spirits of our special trio, made the distance and the fatigue as nothing. Miss Kellogg had a great admiration for Mme. Nordica and I have often heard her speak of the beauty of Nordica's voice. She declared that she had never heard the "Ritorna Vincitor" in "Aida" sung as well as Nordica always sang it. This was great praise from one who had herself made one of her greatest successes in this opera.

The voice of Miss Kellogg always seemed to me diamond-like in its purity and brilliancy, while that of Nordica was warmer and deeper in color. This I think is a fair estimate of the difference in quality. Both artists had the same wonderful conscientiousness about their singing. Miss Kellogg, being a remarkably fine reader and musician, had a great advantage; Mme. Nordica, was not as apt in this direction, yet one would hardly believe, hearing Nordica in any of her parts, that they had been learned only by dint of thousands of repetitions.

I well remember going from Providence to New Bedford with Mme. Nordica at one time when she was to sing at a music festival there at which also my Barbara Frietchie was given. At that time she was not well and seemed discouraged—even then, after she had already made her successes in opera abroad! She said to me that day: "Mr. Jordan, if I had my life to live over, I would never choose to become a singer!" I did my best to change her outlook and

I think that I helped her to a happier frame of mind. The next year she was to sing at the Worcester festival, in which I too had a share. We met there and she said to me one morning: "I want you to help me, I have to sing at the concert this afternoon something that I do not know." "What is it?" "The opening number in Mendelssohn's 'Lorelei.' I have long known the big 'finale,' but never sang this number, 'Ave Maria'." "That's very simple," said I; "it is only a few bars like this"—and I hummed the melody.

"Ah!" said she, "you don't know what I mean; come and play it for me and you'll see." I went to the hotel, where she had a piano at her disposal. I played the simple melody for her time and time again, astonished that she could not read it. I went to hear her sing at the concert, and she sang it—all wrong!

All the more credit and honor to her then, that, even after her period of discouragement she learned those mighty Wagnerian roles that she sang with such wonderful success at the Metropolitan two or three years later. Meeting her in Boston during her engagement at the Metropolitan, she invited me to come to New York to hear her in "Tristan" with Jean DeReske. I gladly accepted the invitation. "But," said I, "tell me, how did you ever learn Tristan?" She well knew what I meant and smilingly replied, "I spent my last vacation in Switzerland. On my arrival there I went to a hotel for a suite of rooms. 'Oh yes,' they told me, 'we shall feel honored to have you with us.' 'But I have an opera to learn and shall have to practice a great deal.' 'All the better; the guests will be delighted.' I would stay perhaps two days in a place when the proprietor would come to

me with a thousand excuses which wound up with the declaration that the guests had complained so much that he was forced to ask me to go elsewhere. This I would do, going from hotel to hotel, when the same story would be repeated."

I was present at Nordica's debut in "Faust" at the Grand Opera in Paris, sitting during the performance with Sbriglia, her teacher and mine. I say "her teacher"; Nordica had begun study years before with John O'Neil at the old New England Conservatory, then going abroad with Gilmore's Band. She remained in Europe on the band's return, in order to study and make a start in opera, studying as she told me in Italy with San Giovanni and others. She afterward went to St. Petersburg, where Miss Kellogg, who also sang in the opera there, first met her and where they became fast friends. Coming to Paris, she began to study with Sbriglia. Through some oversight, perhaps, on the part of the reporters who wrote of Nordica's debut in Paris no mention was made of Sbriglia's share in preparing her, much to his disappointment and sorrow. But that's the way oftentimes with things musical and it is a difficult matter to readjust them afterward.

I dwell upon my acquaintance with these two American singers because I knew them both so long and so well.

Others whom I have met through their engagements with the Arion chorus in Providence have been just as interesting even though the acquaintance was of shorter duration. William Ludwig, the Irish English baritone, who came first to America to join the American Opera Company under Theodore Thomas, sang the part of Elijah with us in Providence at our first performance of this oratorio,

the first of the long list of such works that we eventually gave. He became at once a great favorite with our public and a staunch friend of mine. He was often with us at my home with the Martins whom I have spoken of and found there a home for himself, as did many others of the artists who came to sing at these concerts, notably Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor; Ben Davis, the Welsh tenor; and Andreas Dippel of the Metropolitan, who came to sing the part of "Faust" in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," on which occasion he was accompanied by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the eminent critic of the New York Tribune. Apropos of this, Mr. Dippel, whose English while elegant was at that time liable to accidents, said on taking his leave of Mrs. Martin, the hostess: "I must thank you, madame, for your kind hostility!" The laugh that followed from Krehbiel and the others can well be imagined.

Max Heinrich always came to us, as did William H. Rieger, a most satisfactory tenor, reliable as the sun; Ellison Van Hoose and his charming wife, Gertrude Edmands, one of the best of oratorio contraltos; Jennie Patrick Walker, George Prehn, Emilio de Gogorza, Gwillym Miles, Evan Williams, Mme. Rider Kelsey, Claude Cunningham, Anita Rio, Ffrangcon Davis, the Welsh baritone, and many others. Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Melba, Emma Eames, Mme. Nordica, all have sung with us, but as they came with a host of followers our little home could not hold them, yet all were friends. Emma Juch, one of the best sopranos ever heard here, was such a favorite that the public never tired of her.

To speak of the satisfaction I derived from the privilege of conducting for such distinguished artists would take too long, but I treasure the memory

and have always appreciated my privilege. In another chapter will be found a complete list of the artists who have assisted at concerts given under my direction and I am proud to believe that all of them became my friends.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE

THROUGH the friendly interest of Mme. Helena Modjeska, whom it was my good fortune to meet on shipboard once when going to Europe, I was enabled to meet some notable people whom otherwise I probably should not have known. Mme. Modjeska gave me letters of introduction to Sir Arthur Sullivan, Hamilton Aide, a famous dilettante, and others. Mr. Aide invited me to a morning musicale at his house and asked me to sing, a courtesy I gladly accepted. I have forgotten what I sang, but I remember that the piano stood directly by the entrance door of the large drawing room, which on this occasion was used as a music room. The room was filled with people and as I stood singing near the door, which was at the head of the staircase leading down to the street floor, I heard some one ascending. Now and then he seemed to pause and I heard these words several times repeated as he stopped: "Quel bel' voce, quel bel' voce!" The speaker entered as I closed the song and I was at once introduced to him, Signor Paola Tosti. He expressed his pleasure at my singing and invited me to call upon him at his apartments, which I did the next morning, when I had a most delightful hour. Aide composed the simple yet beautiful song "Upon the Danube River,"

a song with which I have made many dear friends, and it was a delight for me to meet him. He was a gentleman of the old school, of about 68 or 70 years when I met him but well preserved, a kindly, courteous man of the world.

I also met in London and became very friendly with Luigi Denza, another song writer whose fame is wide. He was enthusiastic about my singing of one of his songs, "Star of my Heart," begging me to prolong my stay in London till a certain Christine Nilsson concert in the Royal Albert Hall should take place, when he would certainly arrange to have me sing this song, but I had appointments in Paris that forbade my acceptance of the flattering offer.

When I was in London it was usually during the last six weeks of the opera season and I felt that I must go to every opera possible, as a means of education, but I overdid the matter to such an extent that finally one sounded like any other to me. That is to say I became so fatigued by going night after night that it did me no good. I mention this by way of warning to any other music devotee.

In this connection I must mention some operatic performances that I attended in Germany once when on a short trip down the Rhine. I went to Leipzig, where I was interested to see the famous conservatory. It was closed at that time of the year, but the opera was still on and I went to hear "Aida." It was simply the worst performance of an opera that I ever heard anywhere. I went from Leipzig to Frankfurt, where I saw a performance of "Fidelio" advertised. Remembering the Leipzig "Aida," I was more than half inclined not to attend but overcoming my reluctance I made the venture, when to my great delight I heard the best performance I ever heard

of any opera anywhere. It was simply perfect and the only other operatic production at all comparable to this was that of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" once at the old Opera Comique in Paris. This, too, was ideal and never to be forgotten. A memorable concert I also once heard in the Trocadero in Paris, when the great French baritone Faure sang to my utter delight. I distinctly remember his singing among other things his own "La Charite" and "Le Printemps" of Gounod with harp accompaniment and with beautiful voice, poetic grace and style.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRESS AND PUBLIC

A SOUVENIR

Being the reprint of a circular published in 1890 by L. M. Ruben, of New York, at that time manager for Dr. Jules Jordan, who had accepted an invitation to teach singing at the New York National Conservatory of Music in East 17th St., a position that he resigned when asked to sign a contract whereby he would be obliged to make the journey from Providence to New York twice each week.

The Press notices printed herein are but a few of the many complimentary notices of Dr. Jordan's singing at that time in various parts of the country, notably of the first "La Damnation de Faust" performances in New York, Philadelphia, Newark, Boston and at Worcester, where he sang the part of Faust in this great work, two successive seasons, and where he appeared in all, as one of the principal soloists, at five Worcester Festivals.

JULES JORDAN

The Art of Singing

ORATORIO AND CONCERT

Mr. Jordan studied with Signor Sbriglia of Paris. While there he declined an exceptionally remun-

erative offer to begin an operatic career, preferring Oratorio and Concert in his own country. His voice, a tenor of sufficient compass and power, is possessed of a rare and remarkable sympathetic quality, which, in the German and Italian songs of the modern romantic school, is very effective.

Mr. Jordan created the part of "Faust" in Berlioz' "La Damnation de Faust," in America, and has sung it at nearly every important presentation. He has sung with the leading musical societies, and has established his reputation for Oratorio and Classical Concerts.

"St. Paul."

"No tenor of finer style or better method has visited Baltimore for many a year. His enunciation is good, his intonation perfect, and his voice has a rich sympathetic quality which is charming, and a tender delicacy which greatly enhances its attractiveness. As it fills Boston Music Hall and the Fifth Regiment Armory, it has power enough for all practical purposes. He does not force his upper notes, and his middle and lower tones are always resonant. His pianissimo notes were very fine, and his manner of singing recitatives excellent."—Times.

"The Redemption."

"Mr. Jordan gives the trying tenor music with great intelligence, earnestness, and pure taste."—Tribune.

"The Damnation of Faust."

"Mr. Jordan surpassed all his former efforts in his arduous task in the double role of the tenor narrator and the penitent thief, and the declamation of his recitatives was characterized by an artistic

care and phrasing which could hardly be surpassed. His voice withstood the severe work marvellously."—Boston Herald.

"Mr. Jordan, as the narrator of the sacred story, had the hardest task of the evening, and acquitted himself on the whole extremely well. His singing was marked for taste, refinement and expression, and there was through it all a subdued and reverential color which gave it a great charm."—Boston Journal.

Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet."

"Mr. Jordan made a very pleasing effort in his songs, his singing showing the same excellences which have justly made him such a favorite with the concert going public."—Boston Herald.

"Mr. Jules Jordan, the tenor, made a fine display of his superb young voice, singing with a manly freedom and directness, yet with most exquisite enunciation and elegant phrasing. Mr. Jordan's selection was Rubinstein's delicious "Golden Rolls Beneath Me," or "Would It Were Ever Abiding," and he was, of course, rapturously encored."—Boston Transcript.

"The very charming tenor song, by Rubinstein, "Golden Rolls Beneath Me," was sung by Mr. Jules Jordan. His rendering of the song was faultless, and the audience was enthusiastic in an encore. Mr. Jordan is a very valuable acquisition to our limited list of really good American tenors."—Boston Journal.

CHAPTER XXIX

SOME SUCCESSFUL PUPILS

I HAVE MADE special mention in other chapters of cases where the particular features seemed to me to warrant it, but there are others deserving of mention by reason of their successful public appearances. Among them are the following named:

Walter E. Rogers, began by singing baritone in a church choir for several years. His voice developed with study into a fine dramatic tenor and has served him well, in church, in concert and in opera, for he has had notable successes as Lionel in "Martha" and as Turridu in "Cavalleria Rusticana." He would have made his mark in grand opera had he chosen that field of endeavor.

William E. Rogers, with a fine tenor voice, sweet and powerful, had many concert successes and was a reliable church singer for many years till failing health compelled a rest.

Albert E. Burrow, baritone, sang successfully in church and concert and must be credited with some excellent performances of the part of Plunket in "Martha."

Mary McCabe, soprano, excels as a singer of church and concert music. Her performance of the part of La Gioconda in Ponchielli's opera of that title proved her unusual abilities in operatic roles.

Anthony Fontes, the possessor of a beautiful baritone voice, has been a favorite for years as a church and concert singer, and his recent appearances in operatic parts have greatly increased his popularity.

William D. Stone has a basso profundo voice, which served him well till, preferring to conduct a large and successful choir, he gave up his vocal aspirations.

Lucia Chagnon, at this writing but 16 years of age, has a soprano voice surprisingly mature, over which she has already gained a control and poise very remarkable, singing Gounod's "Ave Maria," Godard's "Lullaby" and other parts as exacting with the finish of an artist.

Joseph Alexander is a fine tenor, with excellent natural style and expression. He has made many successful concert and operatic appearances.

Abraham Oster possesses an unexcelled baritone voice, of golden quality and unusual power and range. He only lacks educational opportunities to place him in the front rank of operatic singers.

James Armstrong is a tenor of natural excellence and of good method. His voice has served him long and well in concert and church engagements.

C. Wilson Stanwood was formerly a pupil of Ivan Mowrowski of Boston. Coming to Providence, he continued his studies with me and became one of the best baritones in town, filling several of the most important church positions. He is now singing in the First Congregational Church of Fall River.

John Carpenter of Peace Dale, R. I., has a good tenor voice and fine musicianship. He is a good conductor and an all-round able man.

Mrs. Jennie Carpenter Kimball, Mr. Carpenter's

sister, is equally talented in voice and musicianship, an able pianist and organist. Her influence for the good of music has been great.

Mrs. Percy Wright, formerly of Providence, now living in Peace Dale, was a pupil with whom it was ever a pleasure to work and whose great intelligence and musical aptitude made that work easy, a successful church singer.

Frank Story, also of Peace Dale, developed a fine baritone voice from not over-promising beginnings and has become a favorite and reliable singer.

Mrs. Edwina Hodgkiss Belot, gifted with a natural soprano voice of beautiful sympathetic quality and powerful withal, studied faithfully and sang in concert and church till domestic cares superseded her musical activities.

Herbert Wilkinson is an excellent baritone who might have made his mark as a singer of high attainments. Business interests, however, claimed him.

William Rowse is a basso cantante of unusual worth, who has sung in church and concert with unvarying success.

Miss Jennie Hunter (Tanner), is an unusually fine contralto, rich and deep with an excellent command of the upper register. She developed her musicianship slowly but surely and has long held enviable positions in Providence, in Boston and at the Rogers Memorial Church in Fair Haven, Mass.

Butler Church's deep basso profundo has been for years a bulwark of strength and reliability in church and concert work.

John Kelso, a successful business man, has yet found time to develop a baritone voice of fine qual-

ity and range, which he has put to good use in church and concert singing.

Ada Smith is another tower of strength wherever placed in church or concert. An excellent reader, her fine contralto has proved invaluable.

Alice W. Darling developed from rather unpromising material a mezzo-contralto voice that has proved on many occasions to be of the utmost value.

Mrs. Charles Moulton Stone was for many years the foremost church contralto in Providence, singing also successfully in many a concert.

Mrs. Fred Elsbree is a sister of Mrs. Stone and like her a reliable singer on all occasions.

Mrs. W. H. Pettytt of Peace Dale is gifted with a lyric soprano voice of extraordinarily beautiful quality and developed power. She retains all the beauty of tone natural to her, and has sung successfully in "Elijah," "The Golden Legend" and many other works of like calibre.

Miss Sue McKaye, soprano, for many years sang to great acceptance at both the First Congregational Church in Providence and the First Congregational Church in Pawtucket. She was one of my earliest pupils, with whose rapid improvement I was ever astonished. She was also a successful concert singer and has become an excellent teacher of singing.

Miss Annie Moulton, formerly of Providence, now teaching in Hartford, Conn., was another of my early pupils and gifted with a fine soprano voice. On finishing her studies with me she went to Paris, becoming a pupil of Mme. Marchesi. She was invariably successful as a singer.

Miss Luella Flagg of Worcester had studied well before she came to me. I found her well equipped

and gave her several engagements, in which her dramatic mezzo-contralto found opportunities that she was quick to make the most of.

Thomas Livingstone, formerly of Providence but for many years now a resident of Newport, was a favorite baritone and sang frequently in concert and in church.

Mrs. Carrie Doty Spooner was formerly much in demand not only hereabout but in Hartford and Worcester, filling church engagements of importance in both those cities. She developed a fine soprano voice and might have taken a place with the great singers but she chose instead a life of domestic happiness.

Mrs. Evelyn Jordan Salisbury, a singer of unusual ability and attainments, began her studies with me and continued them at length. She became a singer of great reliability, her dramatic soprano voice and her musicianship being of the first order. Of a charming and genial personality, she counts her friends and admirers by the hundreds and still delights them in church and concert.

These are a few of the many pupils I have had in training. Others there are who, singing as well, yet have done so more as a home accomplishment, and there are others now deceased to whose memory I beg the privilege of paying a tribute:

J. Frank Porter, a baritone trained by Ronconi who taught for a while in Boston, came to Providence in the early eighties and remaining here continued his studies with me. Those who remember his voice will agree with me that it was one of great beauty and his singing, marked as it was with a musical fervor unsurpassed, gave always the greatest

pleasure and satisfaction. After several years he returned to Boston and was immediately acclaimed there as a remarkable singer but he died suddenly.

Mrs. Clara Hicks Stone had studied singing in New York when on coming to live in Providence she began lessons with me. She joined a large choir that I had organized at the First Universalist Church chiefly as a school of training for young singers, and, the position of soprano soloist becoming vacant, I gave it to her. She filled this with great acceptance until her death. The church has placed in the choir loft a tablet to her memory. She was one of the very best choir singers I ever knew and I have had a long experience in choir leading. A lady in the fullest sense of the word, she left a large circle of friends who mourn her loss and who miss her lovely voice.

I cannot close these memories without one other tribute of appreciation and admiration, and this to the memory of Esther (Essie) Rice. Diminutive of body and frail, yet she had an indomitable spirit and a soprano voice of almost angelic purity. With me at the piano or organ she seemed invincible and attacked the most trying solos with perfect confidence, always to the delight of her host of friends. May her gentle spirit rest in peace!

CHAPTER XXX

VARIED MEMORIES

DURING MY LONG service in Grace Church as soloist and choir master we always had a large choir of young people, my pupils and others comprising many of the best, socially and musically, in the community.

The choir, stretching in two long lines from side to side, always when singing stood up to the choir railing which served as a music rack for the soloists and the front row of chorus singers.

During a service one Sunday as I gave a hasty signal for the choir to arise, a young lady dropped two finger rings over the railing. As they fell to an aisle below, one of the ushers secured them and brought them to their owner. The acquaintance thus begun resulted ere long in a brilliant wedding; natural enough, to be sure, when one considers that rings figured so prominently in the affair. Both singer and usher were and still are two of my best and truest friends and it has always been a source of gratification to me to remember that their romance and mutual happiness began in my choir.

Soon after I had begun to sing in Grace Church I was invited to meet a company of young singers and amateurs, pupils of Mr. Theodore Barker, who used

to gather in his studio to sing part songs, quartettes, etc. Among them I remember were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Chapin, J. U. Starkweather and several others, all of whom were very kind to me, a strange lad from the country. Mr. Barker himself was most friendly and encouraging and I sang with him many times, although I never had lessons with him.

Mr. Starkweather was about my own age and had begun to sing the tenor solos in the choir of St. John's Episcopal Church, of which his father was the organist. We became friends and the friendship still endures. He had a few singing lessons with me some years after this and was for a long time the soloist at St. John's. Business interests finally drew him away from his singing, though doubtless he retains to this day his fine tenor voice and his artistic manner of singing.

There are many musical people in Providence who remember Robert Bonner and the great good he accomplished by reason of his excellence as a piano teacher. He had an honorable career and at his death there was held for him a memorial meeting in Infantry Hall which was well attended by eminent musicians at home and from abroad, among others E. M. Bowman of New York, who played an organ solo on this occasion. The meeting was arranged, if I remember correctly, by N. B. Sprague, then organist of Grace Church. Mr. Bonner had been for several years organist at St. John's Episcopal Church and its rector, Dr. Richards, was invited to pronounce a eulogy, which he did in a most scholarly and beautiful manner. As he took his seat, the

chairman, Mr. Sprague, introduced a prominent musician from Boston who had been invited to attend. This musician began with a complimentary allusion to the fine address of Dr. Richards and continued to this effect: "I cannot hope to emulate the fine address of my predecessor and can only say that when I come to a community like this and find that a musician has lived and served so long in a place as Mr. Bonner did and kept out of debt and out of jail then I conclude that he must have had merit!" This was our message from cultured Boston!

To speak of my acquaintance, friendship and subsequent artistic association with Mr William Wolff, singer, actor and gentleman, is a pleasure I cannot deny myself.

My acquaintance with Mr. Wolff began just as he was about to depart for an extended tour with a theatrical company in Australia. On his return I persuaded him to take the part of Rip Van Winkle in my opera of that title at a series of performances in Providence. He was an ideal "Rip" and one of my fondest dreams is to have a metropolitan performance of the opera with Mr. Wolff in the title role, for in my opinion a better could not be desired. Of fine voice, good method, a genial and expressive actor, what better need be? I have often enjoyed the hospitality of his lovely summer home in Scituate, Mass., where Mrs. Wolff and he dispense good cheer to their wide circle of friends.

I have mentioned elsewhere that Dr. and Mrs. Greer, (Dr. Greer was then rector of Grace Church, Providence and afterward Bishop of New York),

were fond of my singing a certain song of Schumann's to which words of the hymn "O Sacred Head" had been adapted. In this connection let me relate the following incident:

Mrs. John Gardiner of Providence, a friend of Dr. and Mrs. Greer, called on me at my studio one morning to say that she had received a letter from Mrs. Greer, in which there was such a kindly mention of my singing of this song that she wished to tell me of it. She thereupon read me from the letter the following quotation: "We had beautiful services on Good Friday and our tenor sang for us our favorite, 'Oh Sacred Head,' but no one has ever sung that song as Mr. Jordan used to sing it." How characteristic of both ladies, the one to have written and the other to tell me of it!

Theodore Thomas, a name famous in the musical annals of America, was known to be not only a perfect drill master and a conductor with few equals, but was known as well to be jealous of his great reputation and a stickler for his rights. I had sung with him at one of his concerts in Boston, soon after which he sent for me to sing in Cincinnati but a previous engagement prevented this and the next time I met him was in Detroit at a music convention, when one of Chadwick's short pieces for chorus and orchestra, "The Lovely Rosabelle," was to be sung. There was a short tenor solo in this which had been given to me to sing. I had been too busy to study the work as a whole, though I was ready with the solo. At the rehearsal Mr. Thomas, who had always been unusually courteous to me, asked me if I knew the work and the correct tempo. I knew only the solo

and told him so. He began the piece and when it came to the solo I found the tempo to be wrong. In what particular I do not now remember, but stopping I exclaimed: "No, that's not right," whereupon the conductor flew into a rage, telling me finally that he allowed no one to dictate to him in the matter of tempo or anything else! This, after asking my advice, seemed to me rather inconsistent, but I could say nothing.

After the rehearsal the leader of the orchestra said to me, "You were right, but had you known him as we do you'd have waited till after the rehearsal to tell him, for he never will take a word from any one during rehearsal." In the evening, at the performance, he took the solo at my tempo and seemed to have forgotten his temperamental outburst, but I never have.

To be invited to meet a company of singers brought together by the interest of one or two, perhaps, who felt that a choral society conducted in the right way would prove a benefit to the community is an interesting occasion. Such has been my meeting with the Stonington, Connecticut, Chorus organized in January, 1921, through the efforts of Mr. H. R. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer and others. There were about 75 singers present at the first rehearsal, not one of whom I had ever seen, with the exception of the Palmers. We had recently had a very popular success at Peace Dale with Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment," a success greatly assisted by the fact that fortune favored us in the appearance of a young singer ideally suited to the title role. The opera is so bright and tuneful that I realized if only

a new chorus could be led little by little to see the import of the story nothing could be better.

There were good readers among the chorus and enough progress was made even with one rehearsal to justify the selection and the work came on week by week so well that at the performance in April there was much enthusiasm and satisfaction expressed and a second concert was almost immediately arranged for. New members were recruited from among the summer visitors in the town and the second performance proved far better than the first.

Connecticut is my native soil and it has been a great delight for me to conduct a chorus within its borders. In Stonington I am the recipient of a hospitality like that I have enjoyed so long at Peace Dale, and the labor, though strenuous as it ever is with a new chorus, is lightened by the friendly interest I read in every face and by the successful results achieved. I bespeak long life and success for the youngest of my family, the Stonington Chorus.

A former pupil of mine, Mr. Gustav Saacke, made so marked a success not only as a concert and church singer but also as conductor of the Einklang German singing society of Providence that I feel this book would be incomplete without mention of him. Mr. Saacke was advised to study with me by another German music master, Carl Peiler, who had come to Providence from Boston to take charge of a singing club here. Mr. Saacke from the outset showed great interest and assiduity, and having a fine basso cantante voice he rapidly attained an eminence that he held for many years.

Poor Carl Peiler! How well I remember him, too,

with his courtly old-fashioned German manners. Erudite and strict, he would brook no half-way measures. He used, I believe, to love to play my accompaniments, which he often did as opportunity offered, his room for teaching being nearly adjacent to mine. This was at the time I had begun to compose songs and various other pieces, and I used often to carry the piece as soon as finished to Mr. Peiler, as I valued his opinion. He usually would take it and after looking it through hand it back with an—"Umph, pretty good, but not original." "Well, is it correctly written? That's what I want your opinion on." "Yes, 'twill do but—if I could write as good melody as you I'd write d—d sight better music!" This would satisfy me and I would laughingly retire.

He came rushing into my room one day, crying: "Come, come with me, I want you to hear a waltz that I have written." He sat down at his piano and began to play a strangely familiar melody in waltz tempo. I could not at first place it but finally I exclaimed: "Pretty good, but not original!" "What's that, not original! Why not?" "Play it again and I'll show you," I said. He began and I began—to sing the melody with him—the melody of the Prize Song from "Meistersinger." He closed the piano with a bang and I never heard him remark again upon my lack of originality.

These records would be incomplete without the mention of Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Martin. Mrs. Martin was called for many years "the singers' friend" by a host of artists, many of whom have enjoyed the hospitality of her home in Providence. This home has



ELIZA H. MARTIN
“The Singers’ Friend”

also been my home for many, many years, a home where I have been truly "at home" and the recipient of every attention possible conducive to my health and happiness from both Mr. and Mrs. Martin. She bears yet another honorable name given her by a former President of the Arion Club, Mr. H. N. Campbell, who calls her the "Mother of the Arion Club."

To see the members of the club gather about her when she pays it a visit as she often does at rehearsal, one would say that a name was never more fittingly bestowed, every one there showing great love and respect for her. She has also been for years one of the very best workers for the material good of the club, having her own circle of friends and subscribers who would wait for a visit from her to give their subscription. The late Clara Louise Kellogg, an almost life-long friend of Mrs. Martin, has devoted several pages of her "Memories of an American Prima Donna" to an account of her meeting and subsequent friendship with Mrs. Martin, and I can do no better in recording my own estimate of the latter than to quote the following from the close of Miss Kellogg's account:

"Indeed I hardly know how to find words with which to speak of Mrs. Martin, for I think her such a wonderful person: I respect and care for her so much that I find myself dumb when I try to pay her a tribute. She is a living monument of what a woman can do with herself unaided save by the force and aspiration that is in her."

This is a sincere tribute from one who knew Mrs. Martin as no other friend ever knew her, and one in which I am proud to join.

A week or two after Campanini, the great tenor, had appeared with me at one of the Arion concerts in Providence, and had objected to singing "a secon' number," as related in Chapter VII, I attended one evening at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston a performance of "The Professor" to hear the English actor Willard, then playing there. As I came down the aisle during an intermission I met an acquaintance, Montgomery Sears, an intimate friend of S. B. Whitney, the Boston organist. Another friend of Whitney's, James Chapman of Philadelphia, had been studying with me in Providence with such good results that Mr. Sears, at the advice of Mr. Whitney, had also begun to study. Mr. Sears accosted me saying: "Chapman is in town and he wants to see you: he and Whitney are at the Parker House, why don't you go there to see them?" "O, no, I must return to Providence to-night." "This play is short," he said; "you'll have plenty of time to go there and yet catch your train." So after the play, having three-quarters of an hour or so, I went to the Parker House. As I entered the lobby I saw Whitney and Chapman at the farther end, and as I approached I saw that Campanini was with them. Whitney suddenly turned and, seeing me, he and Chapman came toward me. Observing that Campanini did not follow them, Whitney called to him: "Come; here's some one we want you to know." Campanini gave one glance and turning on his heel exclaimed: "Oh, yes, oh, yes. I know him very well!" I explained the matter as best I could, finally leaving them with Campanini, who possibly gave them his version of the affair.

George W. Dover, who a few years since enjoyed a local reputation as one of the most satisfactory of singers, came to Providence from somewhere "out west" when a young man. My acquaintance with him began in a most unusual way.

Once after a service in Grace Church, when I had sung the tenor solo in Barnby's well known anthem "King All Glorious," there came rushing up into the choir loft a stripling who, pushing his way to me, exclaimed wildly: "Can you teach me to sing like that?" I looked at him curiously. "Can you sing at all?" "Yes, a little." "Come to my studio to-morrow and I'll hear you." He came and I found that he had a sweet but very light tenor voice, that he could read well at sight and that he seemed to be unusually musical. We began lessons but as he seemed uninterested I think that I advised him to give them up till he could settle down to them more seriously. At any rate after he had married he called with his bride at my house and said he would study faithfully. I asked him to sing. He began but failed to carry the song through. I said I was sorry I had ever told him anything about singing for, I added, "You've lost what you had and you haven't got what I could and can give you and it would have been better had you sung in your old way, which was at least sweet and reliable."

"I believe in you," said he, "and if you will only let me try again I'll prove to you that I can sing as you want me to." He began again and in a few months became a singer of beautiful voice, with great range, power and fine quality. He filled for several years two of the most important positions in Providence, that of tenor soloist at Grace Church

and at the Central Congregational Church. He was an inventive genius and through his inventions for jewellers he made a fortune and became a power in his line of business, subordinating his music but never losing his love for it, though his voice for lack of use did not latterly respond to his artistic wishes.

Berrick Schloss, (Van Norden) who was selected, soon after he went to New York from Providence, to accompany Emma Calve on her last American tour, was a pupil of mine for about three years.

I well remember that at the close of his first lesson, as he was about to leave the studio, he said: "Oh, I forgot to say that they want me to take the first tenor in the Brown Glee Club Quartette."

I advised him not to undertake it at that state of his studies. "But," he said, "I think that I shall have to, for they seem to have no one else." When he came for his second lesson he had grasped and assimilated so well the ideas of that special tone production about which much is told in Chapter XII, that the result was immediate and remarkable. I had forgotten what he had said about singing a first tenor till one day on College Hill I met Howard White, the leader of the Glee Club.

"Hello, Jordan," said he. "What have you been doing to 'Ben' Schloss's voice?" "Helping it, I think; why?" "Helping! I should say so. Why, a few weeks ago he couldn't touch a first tenor part, and now he can sing as high as you please and he never tires."

After the Calve tour, Mr. Schloss became widely known as an excellent concert singer, appearing with success at many festivals. His father's business,



BERRICK SCHLOSS (VON NORDEN)

however, demanded the son's assistance and he relinquished his professional activities, only reserving his leadership of the University Glee Club and that of an excellent quartette church choir in Providence.

CHAPTER XXXI

MY HORSES

A boon companion tried and true was Ben.
Oh, would that I might find his like again!

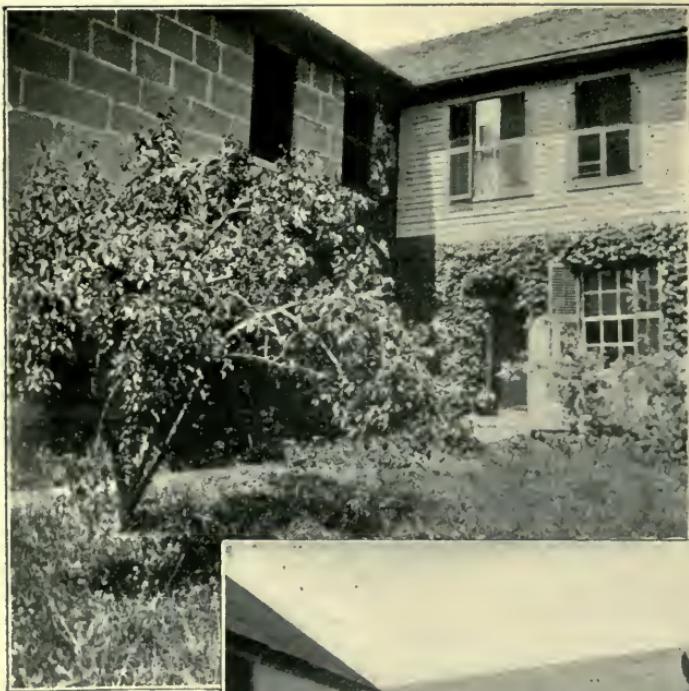
BEN was one of the eleven horses I had at one time on our farm near Willimantic. His dam was a fine road mare that I bought when she was six years old and kept at the farm till age carried her off. His sire, Brownie, was a thoroughbred Kentucky stallion, and broken to saddle.

He had been brought to Providence by the person of whom I purchased him. His color was brown and he was as handsome as a picture, as docile as a lamb, and I, ever on the alert for handsome horses, could not resist the opportunity offered me, so he became my property and I took him finally to the farm.

Besides Ben, there were two fillies, Jess and Liza, his half-sisters. Both were in due time broken for carriage service and Liza for saddle as well. Ben, too, was equally fine in carriage or under saddle and I was never at a loss for recreation when at the farm. The other horses were excellent, but these three became my special joy, and Ben was by all odds the favorite.

When he was but a mere colt and not half grown I used to get astride him every time I visited the farm, sometimes in the winter all cumbered with





A SUNNY CORNER OF THE OLD FARMHOUSE
NEAR WILLIMANTIC
THE AUTHOR'S FAVORITE HORSE BEN

a heavy fur-lined overcoat and thus enveloped I would mount him. However, nothing could "phaze" him and to break him was simply to put on harness or saddle and start off with him. The only time that he ever gave me any trouble was once or twice when I at first saddled him for a trip to Willimantic.

The road led by an upland meadow through a piece of young woods where Ben would, on reaching a certain spot, try to turn around and I kept him turning. Round and round we went till I suppose he lost his bearings, for when I thought it time, I'd start him in the right direction, when off he'd go at a lively canter, and at about the third trip he seemed to realize that his little trick was of no avail and I had no further trouble with him. When he was about four years old I brought him to Providence. Among the many tricks that had been taught him was that of rearing at a certain touch of the heel and prancing excitedly, and with much show as long as he was pressed by the heel. I lived at that time on Broadway in Providence, which street rises on a gradual incline from its foot through nearly its whole length, at least a mile. I would start near the foot and he would spring and prance along the street in such a manner that I have often seen pedestrians take refuge on steps and in doorways till we had pranced by and usually after such an exhibition some one who had seen us would stop me on the street or call at my studio begging me not to ride such a dangerous animal. "He'll surely throw you and perhaps kill you," they would say.

Several times a certain Italian, Count L., offered to buy him. "You shouldn't ride a horse like that, he's too much for you; sell him to me." "You haven't

money enough to buy him," I replied; and he soon found that his entreaties were of no avail.

One morning I came down town with Ben and in crossing Exchange Place to go on the "East Side" for a jaunt, Ben slipped on the wet pavement as he was ambling slowly along and his right hind leg going inside and under caused him to tilt backward on that side and I slipped off, injuring my elbow, on which I landed, and breaking my glasses, which fell off. Ben trotted off down the street and I, picking myself up, walked across the mall, exceedingly worried as to what would become of him for he had been in the city only a few days and was entirely unused to trolley cars. I could vaguely see him as he stopped (evidently missing me from his back). He looked around and began to move towards me, where I was waiting some seventy-five or more yards away. Avoiding the trolleys, he came to me and tucked his nose into my hand.

Ben would tell any one his age (with me on his back) by striking out with his right forward foot. He was very high-spirited, but gentle and very playful. I used often to go into his stall when at home and if I found him lying down I would sit on his haunch and give him a slap or two, when he would turn his head and reach for the slouched hat I used to wear in the barn, pull it off and play with it by tossing it up and down as he held it between his lips.

He was always playing with his sisters Jess or Liza, whenever they were hitched up together, often-times evidently much to their annoyance for they always attended to the business in hand. He would do his full share of the work, however, with a disposition to play at the same time.

One summer I took a carriage trip through the Connecticut Valley, going from Willimantic by way

of Hartford. At that time the country roads were fairly good but the way was hilly and as we came to a long hill I let the reins lie loosely and was engaged in conversation with the friend who was with me when coming to the top of the hill, where there was a junction of two roads, we felt the carriage stop suddenly and looked up just in time to see Ben give a little hop straight up from behind, at the same time turning his head to look at us as if to say, "Well, kindly tell us which road to take." It was all so comical that our conversation came to a sudden close, and we thereafter paid more attention to our noble steeds.

Another summer I took a trip with Mr. and Mrs. Martin, my friends, to Lisbon, N. H., where I had been the winter before to conduct a musical "convention." The day before we were to start there came on a hot spell and we waited two or three days for it to change, but it held on and on, day after day, till finally I decided to start, as I felt certain that every next day the weather would be cooler.

I took for this trip Jess and Ben, who were hitched to a large and heavy double carriage. The weather continued hot and ere we reached Worcester I found that Jess had a bad blister on one of her shoulders. I procured a new collar and exercised all possible care, but the heat still continued and by the time we had reached our destination the mare's shoulder was in such a frightful condition that I said, as we put her in her stable, "There you are at last and there you'll stay till that shoulder is well."

We remained there about ten days and the shoulder had only begun to heal when I felt that we must start for home and bought another horse to take the place of Jess by the side of Ben, and so, leading Jess

behind the carriage, we started for home. Ben of the lamb-like disposition suddenly became as vicious apparently as the most vicious mule. He would kick and bite at the new horse, then turn and whinny for Jess, who would answer him in kind—in truth, the most fantastic two-part chorus, I believe, that ever required the services of a conductor, although the baton in this instance was a whip. When finally we reached home Ben was but the skeleton of a horse, for we could not get him to walk one step of the way. The other horse was soon tired out and Ben pulled him along up hill and down with us three in the heavy carriage, and no wonder that he became like a skeleton. No sooner however had we taken the new horse from his side than he was again himself, gentle and docile, and in a week or two he was as plump and handsome as ever before.

One other story and I am done with this (to me at least) interesting chapter.

When driving into town (Willimantic) one afternoon with my sister, I observed on the little hill at the top of a lane which led down abruptly into the street on which we were driving, a boy wobbling about on a bicycle. Just as we had got abreast of the lane he lost all control of the machine, and down he came like an arrow. It was all so sudden that I had no time to get out of the way, and boy, bicycle and all came pell-mell against the flank of Ben as he was trotting along. I expected that there would be a runaway with all its possible consequences but the instant Ben was struck he stopped short and looked around as if to say, "What's all this about?" and then stood quietly till the boy had picked himself and his wheel out of the way, when we went on as though nothing had happened.

All these proofs of his intelligence had so endeared him to me and to every one who saw him that when he was killed accidentally by striking his head against a low-hanging bough of an apple tree as he was running about the stable yard one day, I felt that I had lost one of my best friends. I had just before this disposed of the farm and all of the horses excepting Ben and Liza.

After this accident I lost my interest in driving, and soon after I disposed of Liza to a kind master, since when I have never owned a horse. However, we have read and some of us have sung of "Elijah," that, "in a fiery chariot, with fiery, fiery horses, he went by a whirlwind to heaven." If so, then the horses must have remained there, for "heaven is a bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns," and if Elijah's horses are there, then why not others? Indeed, I am Swedenborgian enough to imagine—if happily I ever attain to that blest abode called heaven—that I may find there perhaps, in some Elysian field, my Ben.

CHAPTER XXXII

A TRIBUTE TO THE ORCHESTRA

ICANNOT CLOSE these chapters of record and reminiscence without mention of the two orchestras that have played so prominent a part in nearly all the Arion concerts since we began to give oratorios, the first of which was Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

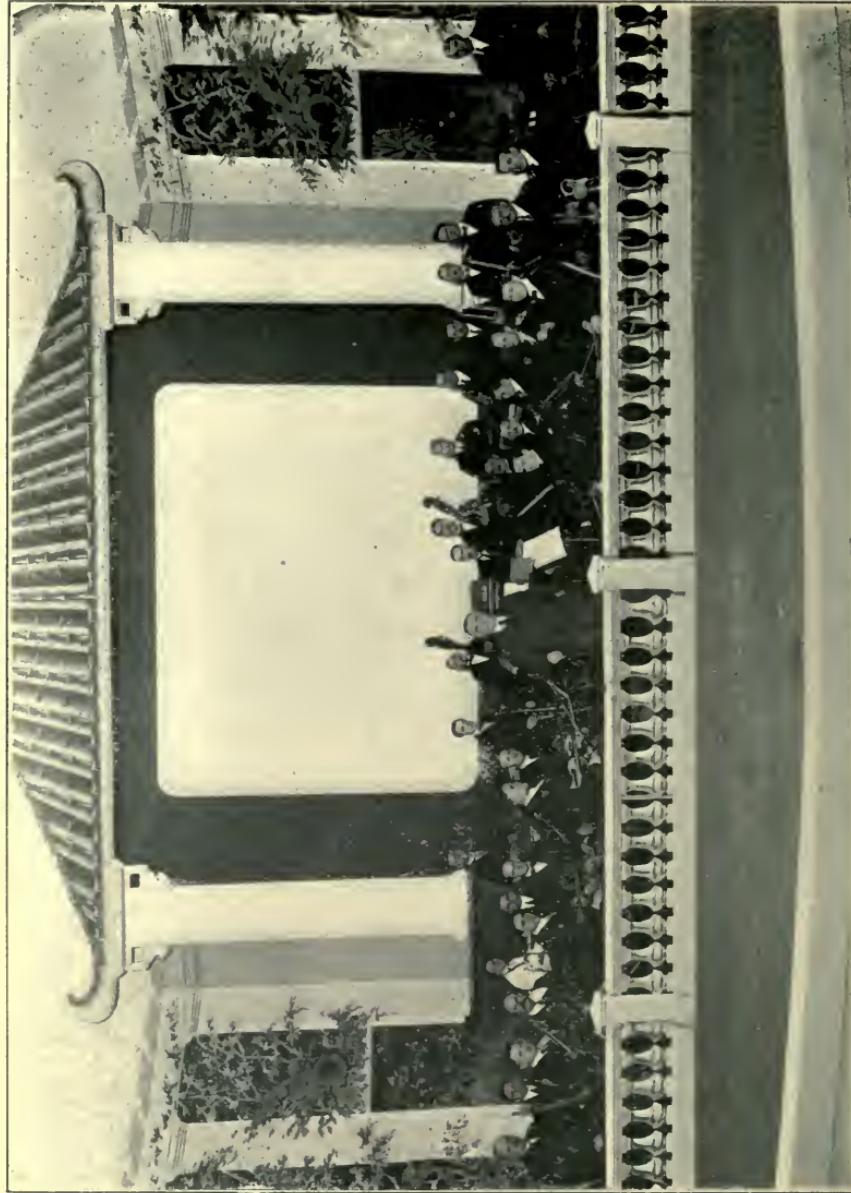
The Boston Festival Orchestra lent its aid on that occasion as at many subsequent concerts and always to our complete satisfaction. The Boston Symphony Orchestra was also often employed with like happy results and it is a source of deep gratification for me to remember the spirit of good-fellowship that always existed between the members of the orchestra and myself.

Our concerts would have been shorn of much of their interest and effect without these powerful aids to success and I hereby tender my thanks and appreciation to all who have ever been associated with me in such a connection.

We have also occasionally had recourse to local orchestras and usually with satisfactory results.

At the time of the production of my opera "Rip Van Winkle," spoken of in a previous chapter, a local orchestra, reinforced by some New York musicians was employed, and at many local perform-





A LOCAL ORCHESTRA
After rehearsal for "The Messiah" on the stage of Fay's Theatre

ances of other operas, operettas and musical playlets of mine, local musicians have aided. These were, besides "Rip Van Winkle," a one-act opera "As Once of Old," played for a week at Keith's Theatre, as was also a nautical piece with music, "The Buccaneers." "Love and War," a one-act opera, was played after these at the Empire Theatre.

Three one-act pieces with music, "Princess of the Blood," "Star of the Sea" and "An Eventful Holiday," were played at the Talma Theatre. Three others, "A Leap-year Furlough," "Her Crown of Glory" and "The Rivals," have been played in Providence, Newport, Fall River, Bristol, North Attleboro, Mass., Dudley, Mass., Oak Bluffs, Mass., Stonington, Conn., Westerly and Narragansett Pier. Recently at Arctic, R. I., "A Leap-year Furlough," "Star of the Sea" and "The Rivals" were played at the Odeon Theatre. At some of these performances an orchestra assisted and at others the pieces were given with piano accompaniment.

* * * * *

I have always appreciated the interest and helpfulness shown me by the various concert meisters associated with the two orchestras particularly mentioned above. These were Emil Mollenhauer and John W. Crowley of the Boston Festival Orchestra and William Krafft of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There were others on various occasions but these three gentlemen were usually at the first desk and I am proud to inscribe their names here for in no better way can I give my book the lustreful finish I desire for it.

CHAPTER XXXIII

VERSES

THE FOLLOWING verses of mine are printed here "as a matter of record," though an excuse that has to be stretched so far as to include them in this volume may seem to be venturesome. Yet I feel that I must yield to the wishes of some of my friends and give them this final and permanent form:

THE PRESIDENT PASSED BY

From the Providence Journal Aug. 25, 1892.

(President Roosevelt visited Providence on Saturday, Aug. 23, 1892.)

The President passed by
In splendid state,
With smiling face
And mien benignant.
The applauding crowd
On either side the street,
A solid living mass,
Lined curb and pavement
And greeting gave with loud acclaim.

I, one amid the jostling throng,
Caught scarce a glimpse of him
As on he rode along the city street,
And, turning from the crowd,
My eye chanced on a beggar.

Old, wrinkled, worn and tanned,
He crouched there on the pavement,
And turned with one enfeebled hand
A droning wheezy organ.
The other was outstretched for alms.

He had not seen the President,
For crouching thus
The throng had hidden him.
Yet on he turned
Unmoved, immovable,
And I fell musing
That a moment's space
Had brought me face to face
With these two men,
The highest and the lowest
In the land.

What brought each to his station?
The talents of the one—
The help of friends
Or more belike
His own unaided worth:
The other—misfortune's victim,
A prey to misery,
The sport of fate,
What brought him low?

God knows! But this my prayer
That He may put into the hearts
Of those above us
A pitying grace
That they may use their influence and power
To mitigate in some degree

The wretchedness of such as these
Who sit and wait
For comfort sweet
That rarely comes.

Providence, Aug. 24, 1892.

A RHAPSODY

"Where leads the Fount of life the way
Mayst thou undoubting follow."

(Lines suggested by the twenty-fifth anniversary performances of the Arion Club, March 1 and 2, 1905.)

O Music, Poesy divine; thou glorious pair
Born each for the other;
How, late, the wondrous spell
Thou weavest for the hearts and minds of men
Upon us here hath fallen.

And ye departed ones, whose heavenly gifts and
skill
Wrought out those noble themes the which we
sang—

From off the heights of thy serene enjoyment
Dost sometimes earthward bend a listening ear;
And didst not catch of ours one faintest sound
Speeding as rivulet to river;
To bend with those exalted strains
Now, to thee, made familiar?

For thus it seemed, as in an ecstasy of song,
With hearts aglow and voices freshly tuned,
The soul was wafted toward the spheres celestial.

O memories most precious of music old yet new—
Till we are called from this to yonder heavenly
choir,
May thy sweet influence prevail and day by day
Gladden our toil, grim disappointment's bitterness
assuage,
Sorrow and pain allay or what of ills may us betide,
And bring to all a blessing.

Providence, March 4, 1905.

LILAC BLOSSOMS

When I am gone from thee,
With lilac blossoms cover me;
Of them make thou the pall
And spread it over all.
Let no weak tears be shed
By those who stand above my head—
What, tears for one set free?
Though far from thee.

Nor in that last farewell
Let trumpet tone or requiem swell
Disturb me, where at rest
I lie, all unoppressed;
The blossoms of my choice
Hath each its own and gentle voice.
Let then, the lilacs tell
My last farewell—
Beloved, let the lilacs tell
My fond farewell.

CARUSO

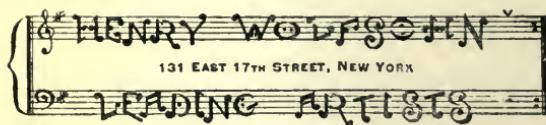
(From a correspondent's letter to the Hartford, Conn., Courant of May 22, 1921.)

"It is doubtful if there is another man in New England who can show what is prized just now by Dr. Jules Jordan, of Providence, R. I., a native of Willimantic—that is, a cordial letter from Caruso, received during the convalescence of the famous tenor. Dr. Jordan wrote some verses which he sent the singer and a few days later he received a letter of thanks, in which Caruso referred to the verses as a 'beautiful poem.' Here are the lines which pleased the noted patient:"

Live on, live on!
And should God will, sing on!
But know that thou'st already made
Within this nation's heart of hearts
A place wherein thy fame
Shall rest secure, inviolate.

And now that fate's decree
Has brought a respite for thy singing
We fain would come to where thou art.
We, singers, devotees of song,
Aye! thousands strong—
Would come and crown thee there
With laurel,
That so well befits thy brow:
For this, that thou hast brought to us
Full-measured joy—
All by the magic of thy voice
And of thy singing.

Enrico Caruso
With thanks for the
beautiful poem -



TELEPHONE CALL, 1226 STUYVESANT
CABLE ADDRESS, "LABIATED," NEW YORK
OFFICE HOURS FROM 2:30 TO 5:30 P.M.

NEW YORK,

March 4th-1909.

My dear Mr. Jordan:-

I have received your letter with enclosure', and thank you exceedingly. I always considered you a great musician, but never was aware of your gift's as a poet. It is a beautiful thought which prompted, and am sure Elman will appreciate it immensely.

Elman left for the west yesterday, on his return on Sunday the 14th, I shall hand him your letter.

Thanking you again

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Henry Wolfsohn". The signature is written over a horizontal line and includes a stylized flourish at the end.

TWO ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Live on, live on!
And should God will, sing on!
But know that thou'st already made
Within this nation's heart of hearts,
A place wherein thy fame
Shall rest secure,
Inviolate forever.

HERE ON THE BRAE

Here on the brae all heather-white,
Here do I wait sae weary
Watching alone since fell the night,
Waiting for you, my dearie.
Why are ye late? I am sae weary!
Am I forsaken quite?
'Tis moonrise again, I'm lonely ye ken,
Lonely for you, my dearie.

Cold is the night, I've come frae far,
Bleak is the wind an' dreary.
Yon is her light, a guiding star
Leading me tae my dearie.
Come then, Oh come, I am sae weary,
Star of my life you are.
I'm lonely ye ken, Oh come once again,
Come tae your own, my dearie.

I HEARD YE SINGIN'

Ah! did ye ken as ken ye ought
How much I lo'e ye, laddie dear,
Ye'd ne'er reproach me wi' a thought
Nor haud tae ony fear.

An' gin ye're lonely—what o' me!
But oh, I'm sorry gin ye're sad,
Sae, laddie dear, I'll come tae ye
Gin that wull make ye glad.

I heard ye singin', heard ye ca';
Anither laddie heard ye tae
But when I tellt him "gang awa"
He stayed! What could I dae?
But noo he's gane wi' angry face,
Oh laddie—see, I'm by your side
An' faulded in your warm embrace.
Contented here I'll bide.

TO C. H. AND H. H. B.

Par nobile sororum.

I know your goodness and your worth
Transcendent and secure;
I know your precious influence
That ever must endure.

Such friends as you when woes prevail
We know are staunch and true,
But God was kind, I prayed for one
And lo! He gave me two.

O, noble pair!—I can no more,
For words may not express
The fullness of a grateful heart
That knows your kindnesses.

THY BANNERS, O MY COUNTRY!

Eastward in splendor, the sun at his rising
Doth mount in his chariot, to compass the world:
Then O my country, methinks he rejoices
To see in their beauty thy banners unfurled.

High in the heavens, the sun in his glory
Doth pause on his journey, encircling the world.
Then O my country, his splendor redoubles
To see o'er the ocean thy banners unfurled.

Far, far above us, the stars in their courses
Enkindle their torches as night floods the world.
Then O my country, the stars sing together
And sing of the stars on thy banners unfurled.

August 7, 1918.

TO M. L. C.

Come hither, Muse, nor be unkind;
A name to thee I'd tell,
A name long graven in my mind
And on my heart as well.
Indite for her thy happiest lay,
For few with her compare,
A minstrel I who day by day
Would sing it everywhere.

MISCHA ELMAN

How velvet-sweet thy tones
And then anon, what power,
As, leaping at the strings
Thou wrestlest with thy mate,
That other music's god,
Until he yields thee of his store,
Aye! yields I say
And owns thee conqueror.

The melody, how pure
As by the magic of thy bow
A thing of joy, all palpable
It stands before us.
And then, a torrent of bewildering sounds
Rich hued and strong
In harmonies fantastic wrought
O'erwhelms the dazzled sense.

Ah lad, the wonder of thy skill
Surpasses comprehension
As list'ning thus, we count us blest.
And yet more blest art thou
For that great Power which orders for our good
Hath so ordained this just and wise decree
"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."
Give, give! thy store is inexhaustible.
Reveal to us once more for our enraptured ears
That message of the stars, the music of the spheres.

To Gules London
in remembrance of Providence
from Mischa Elman
New York April 7/1909.



MISCHA ELMAN

THE SUMMER RAIN

The rain with rush and roar
Tests window, roof and door
And casements rattle.
A legion from the skies
In flashing armor flies
To fiercest battle.

Anon—the blasts are o'er,
Subdued the sudden pour
To gentle patter.
Agreeable the change,
The world would seem too strange
With all that clatter!

Come, stand beside me, look!
The place where once a brook
Was wont to babble
Seems full of sprites and fays
Who turn a thousand ways
And gaily gabble.

One elf with lance a-gleam
Is hunting for the stream!
He's bent on plunder,
And raises such a shout
The others crowd about
In moon-eyed wonder!

What's that! Again the sun?
I wondered where he'd gone
In such a hurry;
His cloudy face affrights
The elves and water-sprites,
And off they scurry.

They're children of the rain,
Ah see! it falls again—
The sun half shining,
Great artist he and proud
To show us through the cloud
Its rainbow lining.

The elf-bands disappear,
They seem to have no fear—
But rain will follow:
And that ere night shall pass
They, through the meadow grass,
May wade and wallow.

The sun peeps through the leaves;
Each verdant mead receives
His mute caresses.
As fades the crimson light,
Earth bids the sun good night
While nature blesses.

Sing low a lullaby,
Sing of the summer rain,
'Twill waken soon
The world, in tune,
And life is not in vain.

THE TWO FLAGS

Like the flag that Barbara Frietchie once
In her attic window set,
Another flag in La Belle France
New fame and glory met.

'Twas borne there by a slender youth,
A son of France was he,
Yet he had known another home
Beyond the western sea,

The home of Barbara Frietchie's flag
That now aloft he bore.
Proud of its fame, he knew its worth
And loved it more and more.

Yet he had heard the cry of France
And straight to her he came,
With foster brothers at his side,
A haughty foe to shame.

And when they reached his native land,
The flag to him they gave
And honored France by hon'ring him—
This lad so good and brave.

And he was proud ; he knew the flag—
Its glory and its worth,
And prized it as he prized the flag
Of the land that gave him birth.

They marched away to Flanders Fields,
To him familiar place,
Where poppies deck the meadows green
And blue-bells interlace.

But the foe was there, and the fight was on ;
All day mid shot and shell
He bore the flag uplifted high,
Until at last he fell.

And with him fell the starry flag :
It gathered like a pall
Upon the soldier's prostrate form—
It seemed the end of all.

And night came on, a summer night;
The cries and moaning cease,
As one by one an angel's touch
The tortured souls release.

She bears them hence. Another comes
With healing in her wings,
The stricken soldier feels their touch;
He sleeps and sleeping sings.

O'er dreamland seas he sails and sails
And sings of his own summer vales.

SUMMER MELODY

(Samuel Morris Conant)

“In my own summer vales
Sweet music never fails;
The bees go humming to each flow'r,
The birds sing out from leafy bow'r
Afar the church bell trolls the hour
In my own summer vales.

“In my own hills and vales
Sweet melody prevails.
The sun and breeze on meadows play
Soft airs, perfumed in new-mown hay,
While insects chirp a roundelay
In my own summer vales.

“And when warm daylight pales
Within my hills and vales,
When moon-beams steal across the land
And slumber stays the player’s hand,
Then fire-flies dance a saraband
In my own summer vales.”

And in the watches of the night
So weary and so long
There came across from other fields—
Was it a spirit song?
The sleeping soldier seemed to stir
There in his lowly bed
Among the grasses trampled now,
Among the poppies red.

Hark the song deep and clear
As now it falls upon the ear:

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

(Col. John McCrea)

“In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

“We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset’s glow,
Loved and were loved but now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch. Be yours to hold it high:
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields."

And when the dawn began to break
 There came a weeping maid
With falt'ring step and haggard face
 Alone, and all afraid.

She sought a flag, the flag of France,
 Where she had seen it fly;
Alas! the chariot wheels of war
 Had crushed it rolling by.

She gazed around with tim'rous mien;
 Another met her sight.
She knew it by the stars and stripes
 So beautiful and bright.

She tried to touch it rev'rently,
 When she beheld a face!
Her brother's? Aye, she knew it well
 By every line of grace.

She threw the shelt'ring flag aside;
 It caught upon a bough
And fluttered in the morning breeze
 That fanned the sleeper's brow.

"Alas, alas! that thus we meet,
 We two so long apart!
And must he die, dear God! So I
 Will perish on his heart!"

'Twas but a moment; she had heard
 That heart's reluctant beat.
She raised her head with flashing eyes
 As, springing to her feet,

She swift as swallow sped away
 To where a hidden spring
Untroubled by the din of war
 Its song was murmuring.

A helmet served her for a cup.
 She filled it to the brim.
An angel then on mercy bent,
 She hastened back to him.

She bathed his lips, she bathed his brow
 And shudd'ring stanch'd his wound,
As he, reviving at her touch,
 Bewildered looked around.

He saw the flag, he saw the maid—
 His sister? Aye, 'twas she;
But she had fallen at his side,
 Her head upon his knee.

He found within his soldier kit
 Some wine, a crust of bread,
'Twas manna in the wilderness
 With which these two were fed!

And when again she oped her eyes
And looked into his face,
She threw her arms about his neck
In loving long embrace.

He caught the flag from off its bough
To throw it 'round her form :
She took the kerchief from her neck
To keep her brother warm.

One fold of that protecting flag
From off her shoulders fell ;
The freshening breezes lifted it
To cover him as well.

And then the morning sun arose
To warm them in its rays,
As came a band victorious
With banners all ablaze.

They found them kneeling on the sod,
These two of whom we sing,
The battle flag around them both
In sunlight shimmering

From rugged height on which they stood—
Henceforward hallow'd ground—
They saw the bitter fruits of war
On every side around.

And out beyond, not far away,
Where waved the grasses green,
Were poppies white and poppies red
The countless graves between.

A cross and flag marked every mound
All wet with tears of dew,
The flag of France, the Stars and Stripes
Of red and white and blue.

Rememb'ring then the holy dead,
They breathed a prayer for them,
And bending low with hearts aglow
They sang this requiem:

BRAVEST AND BEST

Sleep your last sleep, Oh, Bravest and Best,
Battles for you are over.
Martyrs of freedom forever at rest,
Nature's green mantle your cover.
Where'er ye rest, anear or afar,
Bravest and Best forever ye are,
Honored and blest forever your name,
Fadeless your laurels, unending your fame—
Here in this place, our flags flying over
Bravest and Best, we uncover.

Banners we bring as banners they brought
What time ye fell when glory,
Bending from heaven your spirit upcaught,
Making immortal your story.
Wrapped in the flag are many asleep,
Wrapped in our hearts their mem'ry we'll keep,
Others unshrouded lie where they fell,
Heroes departed, all hail and farewell!
Here in this place, our flags flying over
Bravest and Best, we uncover.

All hail, all hail ye Stars and Stripes!
All hail, ye flags of France!
Be ye entwined forevermore
As forward ye advance.

Your peoples, bound by kindred hopes,
By purposes the same—
To leave in life a glowing path,
In death an honored name.

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